

CANTVS.

THE
FIRST SET
OF
MADRIGALS
AND PASTORALS
of 3. 4. and 5. Parts.

NEWLY COMPOSED

by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Bar-
achelor of Musicke and Lutenist; and one of
the Cathedrall Church of Chrill and
blessed *Mary* the Virgin
in *Chester.*

LONDON:

Printed for M. L. J. B. and T. S.
the Assignes of W. Barley.

1617.

TO THE RIGHT W^{or}SHIP^{full}

Sir Thomas Smith of Hough, in the Countie of
Chester, Knight; Francis Pilkington Batchelor of
Musicke, and Lutenist, wisheth all happines in this
life, and eternall felicity in the life to come.



Ight Worshipfull, there is held an infallible opinion, that the
sacred Art of *Musicke* (being chiefly illustrated by *Voyces*) not-
withstanding all Artills, in respect of the compasse and quality
of voyces and instruments, doe limit it within scales and other
certaine dimensions, is in it owne nature INFINITE; reach-
ing from the base Earth (being as it were the GAM-VT or
ground) to the highest E. L. A. of the incomprehensible hea-
uens: For demonstration whereof, GOD to his great Glory,

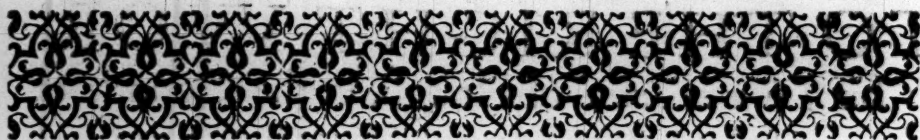
doth diuerfly and wonderfully enable his creatures thereunto, teaching man vpon
earth, not onely in mellifluous Notes to chant; but also vpon variety of Instruments
sweetly to expresse the hidden secrets of that sacred Science, & not leauing the vast
Ayre empty of his glory; he instructeth the early Larke to warble forth his prayse;
who, (as some hould) learneth his layes from the muscally motions of the heauen-
ly Spheares, and from thence to transcend vp to the seate of the most highest, the
elected Saints and Angels doe in heauenly Himmes, sing perpetually *Te deum* to
the holy Trinitie, sitting on the Throne of most Maiesticke glorie.

In which quality of Musicke (Right worshipfull) hauing spent a great part of
my time, I haue now (after some others) of late produced this small peece of
worke; which albeit for the insufficiency thereof, I doe hold to be too vnworthie to be
presented to your Worship, yet in regarde of the many and manifold fauors,
which I haue receiued at your hands, and your exquisite skill, both in the Theorique
and Practique of that excellent Art; I doe presume to tender it to your Patronage
and protection, chusing rather to be censured for ouer-boldnesse, then to be taxed
with ingratitude or forgetfulnesse. And so humbly desiring your Worship to ac-
cept of this, and to shield it from all pragmaticall and stigmaticall detractors; vn-
till my best skill and endeauour, shall incite my weake Muse to performe some
worke of better worth, I craue pardon for my bouldnesse, and commit your Wor-
ship and the good Lady your wife, to the blessed tuition of the GOD of Israell.

*From my mansion in the Monastery of Chester
the 25. day of September 1612.*

Your worships in all obseruancy

Francis Pilkington.



THE TABLE.

See where my loue.
I follow loe the footing.
Poure forth mine eyes.

A *Mintus* with his.
Heere rest.
Why should I grieve.
The messenger of the.
Haue I found her?

Sing, we dance.
Vnder the tops.
Sweet *Phyllida*.
My heart is dead.

Of 3. Voyces.

I	Stay Nymph.	IIII
II	<i>Dorus</i> a silly Shepheard.	V
III	Is this thy doome?	VI

Of 4. Voyces.

VII	What though her frownes?	XII
VIII	Loue is a secret feeding fire.	XIII
IX	Why doe I fret?	XIIII
X	All in a caue.	XV
XI		

Of 5. Voyces.

XVI	No, no, no.	XX
XVII	When <i>Oriana</i> .	XXI
XVIII	Now I see.	XXII
XIX		

FINIS.

Of 3. Voc.

I.

CANTUS.

S



Ec where my loue a Maying goes, :||:

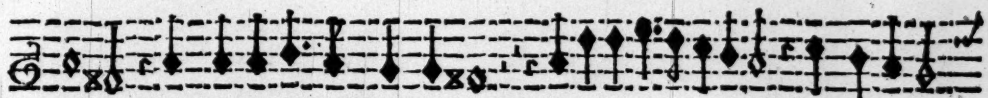
with sweet Dame



Flo- ra sporting, :||:

:||:

:||:



sporting, She most alone with Nightingales, :||:

she most alone,



she most alone with Nightingales, :||:

in woods delights con-



sporting, :||:

:||:

in, &c.

:||:



:||:

Turne a- gaine, :||:

Turne againe my



dearest, The pleasaft ayre's in meadows, :||:

:||:

:||:



Elsby the riuers let vs breathe, :||:

:||:

:||:



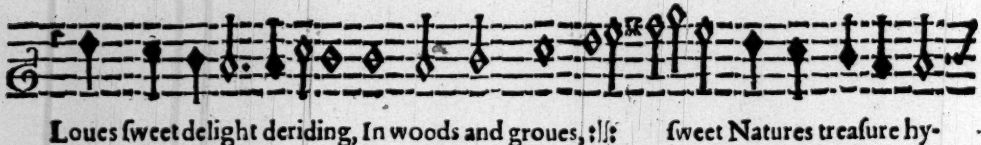
and kisse, :||:

:||:

and kisse amongst the wil-

lowes.

B



P



Oure forth mine eyes, :||:

:||:

forth mine eyes



the fountaines of your teares, Breake hart, breake hart and dye, :||:

Breake



hart and dye, and dye, for now no hope appeares, Hope vpon which, :||:



vpon which, :||:

before my thoughts were fed, Hath left me quite for-



lorne, quite forlorne, :||:

and from me, from me fled, :||:



Yet see the smiles, :||:

:||:

O see, O see some hope apperes,



:||:

Hold hart and liue, :||:

:||:

Mine eyes cease off your teares,



Yet see the smiles, :||:

:||:

O see, O see some hope apperes,



:||:

Hold hart and liue, :||:

:||:

Mine eyes cease off your teares,

S



D *Orns* a feely shepherd swaine, :||: whilst he his

flocke was keeping, Vpon the vast, vpon the vast Arcadian plaine, found *Amo-*

ret *-a* sleeping, And fearing least she had beene slaine, :||:

:||: she had beene slaine, his

eyes burst forth a weeping, :||: :||:

Yet feeling her pure pulses beate, her pure pulses beate, :||:

:||: not minding to molest her, :||: He

view'd her most ad-mi- red parts, :||: :||:

:||: admired parts, and so most kindly kist her.

S this thy doome, and shall thy shepherd dye? : n: Wound.

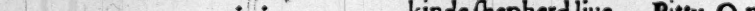
ed with Loue, :: :: :: :: stab'd with af-

fect'ons eye, :: Say then sweet Saint, :: what breast

shall be thy shrine, thy shrine? When thou hast slaine the hart, :||: haft slaine the

hart that erst was thine, :||: Pitty, O pittie, :||:

O pit- ty, O life for loue me giue, And sweetly say to me, ::



 kinde shepherd live. Pitty, O pittie.



 O pit- ty, O life for loue me giue, And sweetly say to me,

kinde shepherd live.

Heere endeth the three Parts.

A

*Mintas* with his *Phillis* faire, :||:

:||:



in height of summers Sunne, :||:

:||:

Graz'd arme in



arme, :||:

their snowie flocke and scorching heate, scorching heate to shunne,



Vnder a spreading Elme sat downe, :||:

Where loues delightments done,



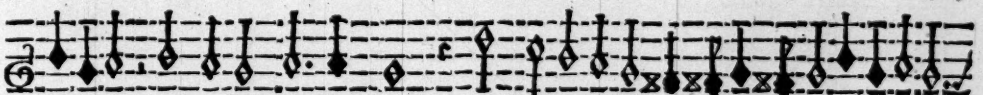
Downe, d. d. d. d. d. dil- lie, :||:

Thus did they sing, There is no



life like ours, :||:

No heau'n on earth to shepherds Cels, to shepherds Cels, :||:



No hell to Princely Bow'rs. Downe, d. d. d. d. d. dil- lie, :||:



Thus did they sing, There is no life like ours, :||:

No heau'n on earth



to shepherds Cels, to shepherds Cels, :||:

No hell to Princely Bow'rs.

H Eere rest, here rest, here rest my thoughts, what meaneth all this hastning?

hastning, To fry in pangs and

torments, euerlasting, euerlasting, Here rest, here rest, here rest my

thoughts, what meaneth all this hastning? hastning,

to fry in pangs and torments, eue-lasting, euerlasting,

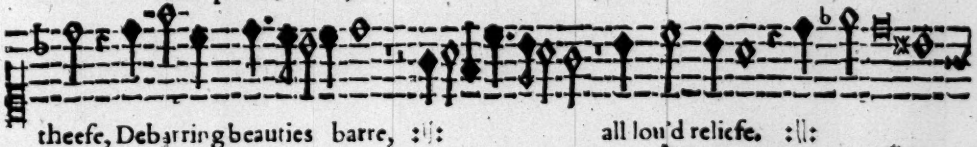
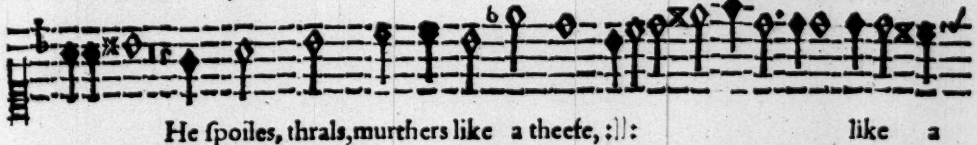
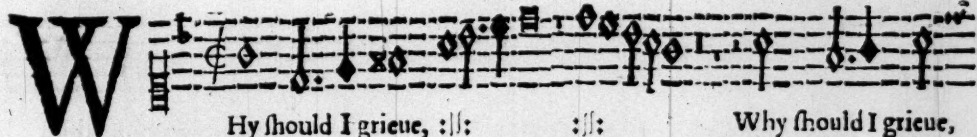
And yet her hart is euen to me as cruell, Her eye the flame,

but my hart lends the fuell, my, &c.

And yet her hart is euen

to me as cruell, Her eye the flame,

but my hart lends the fuell, my, &c. but, &c.



T



He messenger of the delightfull spring the Cuckoe, Cuckoe, proud bird



mocking man, :||:

On lofty Oakes and eu'ry vnder spring, to chaunt out cuckow,



cuckow scarce began, :||:

:||:

When as *Menalcas*



foote as swanne, :||:

foote as swanne, his winter cloake cast off, :||:



did nimbly, nimbly spring, :||:

:||:

:||:

did spring,

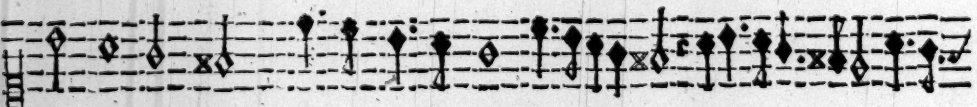


And as the Cu-koe, :||:

:||:

:||:

cuck did sing,



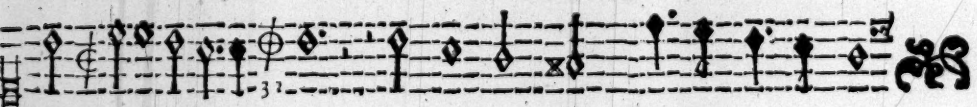
The shepherds downe, downe a downe a downe, :||:

:||:

:||:



The shepherds downe, downe a downe a downe, was farra diddle diddle dan,

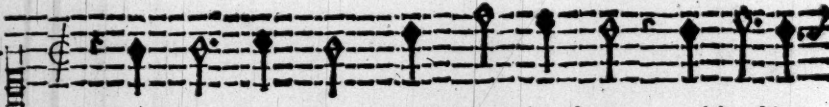


was far- ra diddle dan,

The shepherds downe, downe a downe a downe,



W



Hat though her frownes, what though her frownes, and hard in-



treaties kill? What though her frownes, and hard intreaties kill? ::



I will not cease to loue, :::



I will not cease to loue, affect her, affect her still, What though her



frownes, What though her frownes, and hard entreaties kill? What though her frownes,



and hard entreaties kill? ::



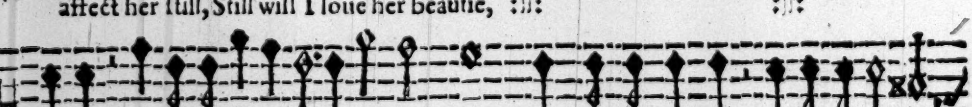
I will not cease to loue,



::: I will not cease to loue, affect her,



affect her still, Still will I loue her beautie, :::



hate her scorne, Loue her for beautie, :::

at her beauties morne, :||: :||: :||:

:||: :||: :||: her beauties morne.

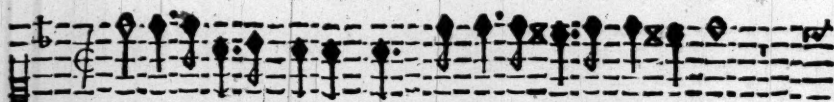
Still will I loue her beautie, :||: :||: :||:

hate her scorne, Loue her for beautie, loue her for beautie, at her beauties

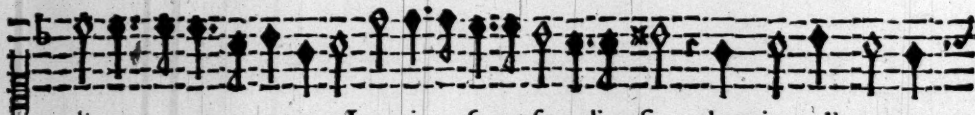
morne. :||: at her beauties morne, :||: :||:

at her beauties morne, at her beauties morne, her beauties morne.

L



Oue is a secret feeding fire, Loue is a secret feeding fire,



:||:

Loue is a secret feeding fire, that giues all creatures



being, :||:

Life to the dead, Life to the dead, :||:

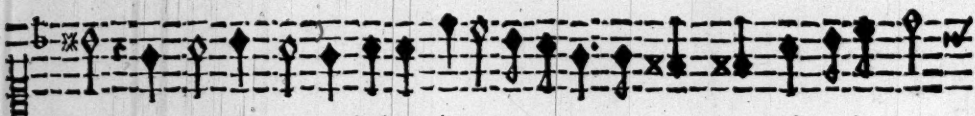


speech to the dumbe, and to the blinde man seeing, Loue is a secret feeding



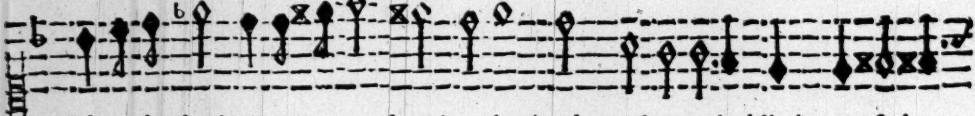
fire, Loue is a secret feeding fire, :||:

Loue is a secret feeding



fire, that giues all creatures being, :||:

Life to the dead,



life to the dead, :||:

speech to the dumbe, and to the blinde man seeing,

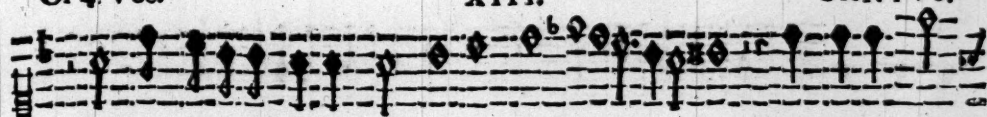


And yet in me, he contradicts, he, &c.

he contradicts all these his sacred,



sacred Graces, Seares vp my lips, my eyes, my life, and from me euer flying,



and from me euer flying, leades me in pathes, :||>

leades me in pathes,



leades me in pathes vntract, vngone, and many vncouth places, Where in dis-paire,



Where in dispaire I beauty curse, Curse loue and all faire faces. Leades me in pathes,

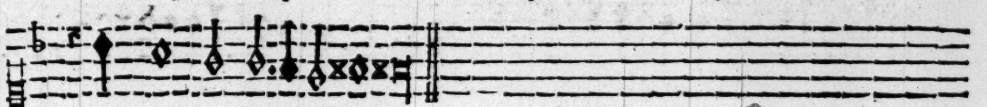


:||:

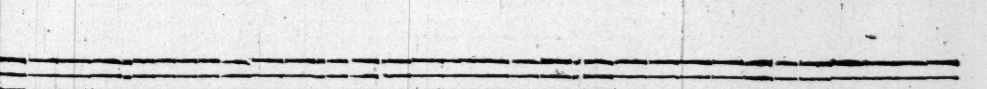
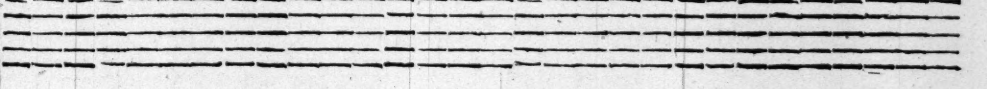
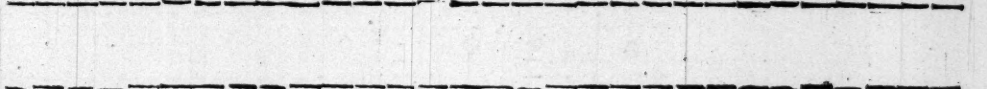
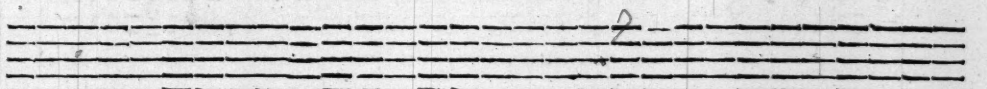
leades me in pathes, leades me in pathes vntract, vngone,

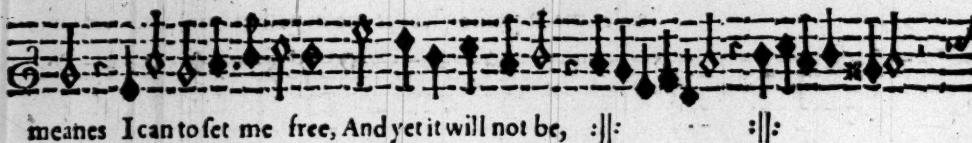


and many vncouth p'aces, Where in dis-paire, where in dispaire I beantie curse,



Curse Loue and all faire faces.





A

Ll in a caue a shepheards lad met wanton *T besti-lie*, met,&c.

:||:

Where he vnskil'd in better sports, beg'd onely for a kisse,

beg'd,&c.

:||:

a kisse, a kisse, Alas, a- las, quoth she, and take thee

this, and this, and, &c.

this and this, and, :||:

:||:

But know'st thou not faire Boy in loue, a more contented sweet? a, &c.

:||:

:||:

Oh no he said, no he said, :||:

for in a kisse

our soules together meete. But know'st thou not faire Boy in loue, a more con-

tented sweet? :||:

:||:

:||:

Oh no he said,

no he said, :||:

for in a kisse our soules together meete.
Hecce endeth the foure Parts.

D

Sing we, dance we ore the greene, and fill these vallies, with our me-



lodious straines, and fill these vallies, fill, &c. with, &c. for ioy that our



Summers Queene, that, &c. for, &c. that, &c.



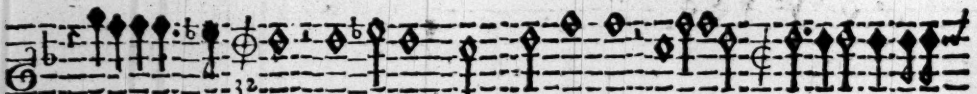
for, &c. enuironed, :: :: with all the country



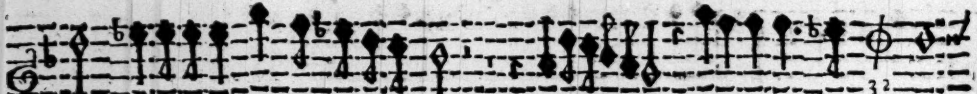
swaines, Fairely trips it ore the plaines, fairely, &c. ::



:: let vs about, :: these Daf-fadillies sweet, ::



:: Tread a ring dance with our feete, :: Let vs a-

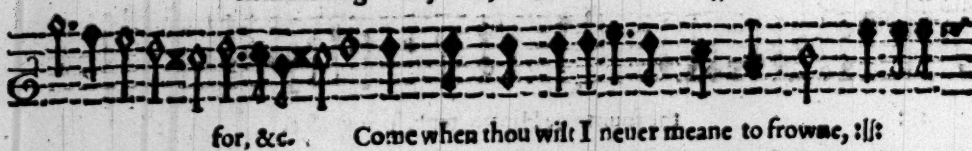
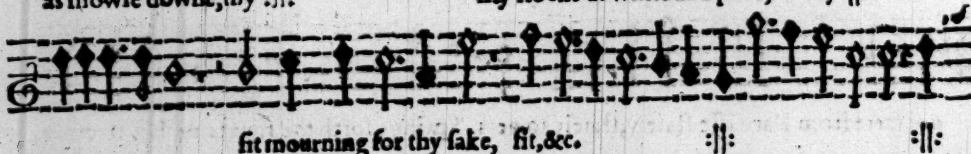


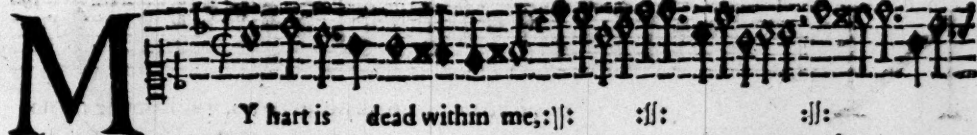
bout, :: these daf-fadillies sweet, :: ::

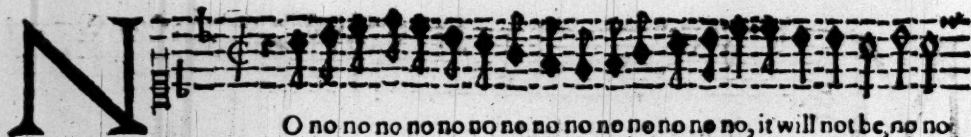


Tread a ring dance with our feete. Tread a ring dance with our feete.









O no no no no no no no no no no no no no no, it will not be, no no



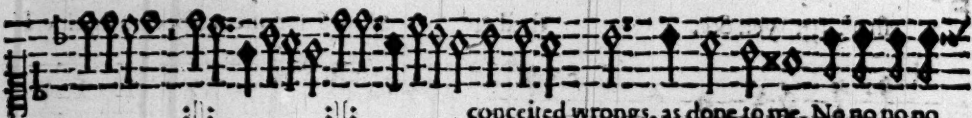
no it will not be, Your labour is in vaine, I stay you not, :: ::



but set you free, :: :: :: :: Why doe



you then complaine, :: And waile conceited wrongs? :: ::



conceited wrongs, as done to me, No no no no



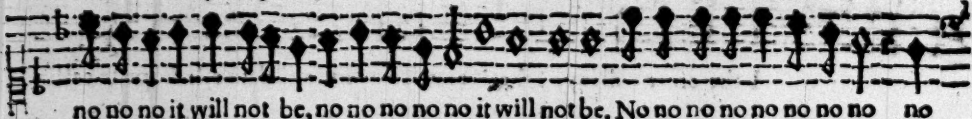
no no no no no no, I tell you once againe, :: :: ::



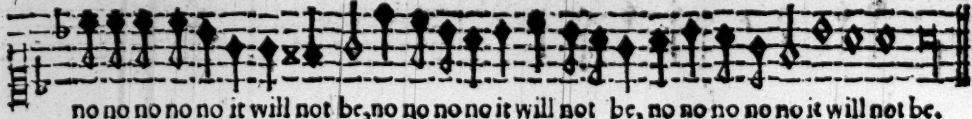
you haue your trauell for your paine, ::



for your paine, No no no no no no no no no no no no no no it will not be, no



no no no it will not be, no no no no no it will not be, No no no no no no no no no



no no no no no it will not be, no no no no it will not be, no no no no no it will not be.

W

Hen *O-ri-a-na* walkt to take the aire, :||:

:||:



the world did strive, :||:

to entertaine so faire, :||:

By *Flora* faire, :||:

and sweetest flowers, by, &c.



were strone, by, &c.

sweetest flowers were strone, Along the way, a-



long the way, :||:

for her to tread vpon, :||:

The trees did b'ot-



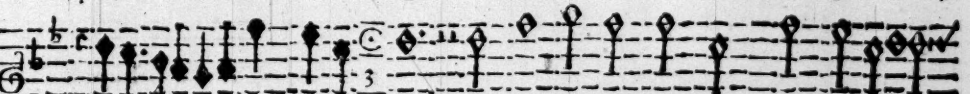
some, the siluer riuers ran, :||:

:||:

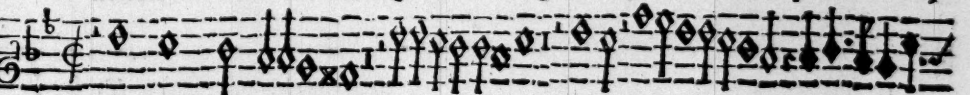
The winde did gently play



vpon her fan, And then for to delight her Graces eare, The woods a Temple seem'd,



the &c.

the Birds a Quire. Then sang the shepherds and Nymphs of *Diana*,in heau'n liues *O-ri-a-na*, :||:

in: :||:

:||:



:||:

:||:

:||:

:||:

O-ri-a-na.



Ow I see thou flowtest me, and disdaines the gifts I offer thee, I



offer thee, Then since thou scornes to accept it, On *Cloris* head Ile set it, on, ::



::

::

::

For



her Ile gather daintie posies, of Gilliflowers and purple Roses, of, &c.



purple roses, of, &c

purple Roses. With her on eech holy- day,



with, &c.

holy-day, Ile dance the merry merry roundelay, ::



::

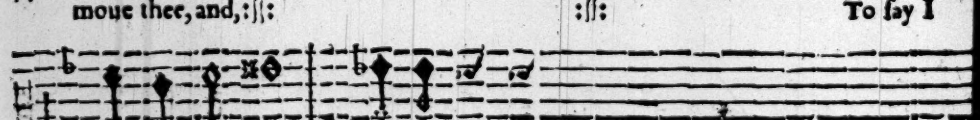
rounde rounde-lay, And this I know will



move thee, and, ::

::

To say I



doe not loue thee. With her, &c.

FINIS.

ALTUS.

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FIRST SET
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AND PASTORALS
of 3. 4. and 5. Parts.

NEWLY COMPOSED

by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Bachelor of Musicke and Lutenist, and one of the Cathedrall Church of Chrilt and blessed *Mary* the Virgin in *Chester*.

LONDON:

Printed for M. L. J. B. and T. S.
the Assignes of W. Barley.

1613.

TO THE RIGHT WOR^{shipfull,}

Sir Thomas Smith of Hough, in the Countie of
Chester, Knight; Francis Pilkington Batchelor of
Musicke, and Lutenist, wisheth all happines in this
life, and eternall felicity in the life to come.



Right Worshipfull, there is held an infallible opinion, that the sacred Art of *Musicke* (being chiefly illustrated by Voyces) notwithstanding all Artitts, in respect of the compasse and quality of voyces and instruments, doe limit it within scales and other certaine dimensions, is in it owne nature INFINITE; reaching from the base Earth (being as it were the GAM-VT or ground) to the highest E. L.A. of the incomprehensible heauens: For demonstration whereof, GOD to his great Glory, doth diuerfly and wonderfully enable his creatures thereunto, teaching man vpon earth, not onely in mellifluous Notes to chant; but also vpon variety of Instruments sweetly to expresse the hidden secrets of that sacred Science, & not leauing the vast Ayre empty of his glory; he instructeth the early Larke to warble forth his prayse; who, (as some hould) learneth his layes from the muscally motions of the heauenly Spheares, and from thence to transcend vp to the seate of the most highest, the elected Saints and Angels doe in heauenly Himmes, sing perpetually *Te deum* to the holy Trinitie, sitting on the Throne of most Maiesticke glorie.

In which quality of Musicke (Right worshipfull) hauing spent a great part of my time, I haue now (after some others) of late produced this small peece of worke; which albeit for the insufficiency thereof, I doe hold to be too vnworthie to be presented to your Worship, yet in regarde of the many and manifold fauors, which I haue receiued at your hands, and your exquisite skill, both in the Theorique and Practique of that excellent Art; I doe presume to tender it to your Patronage and protection, chusing rather to be censured for ouer-boldnesse, then to be taxed with ingratitude or forgetfulnesse. And so humbly desiring your Worship to accept of this, and to shield it from all pragmaticall and stigmaticall detractors; vntill my best skill and endeaour, shall incite my weake Muse to performe some worke of better worth, I craue pardon for my bouldnesse, and commit your Worship and the good Lady your wife, to the blessed tuition of the GOD of Israell.

From my mansion in the Monastery of Chester

the day of

1612.

Your worships in all obseruancy

Francis Pilkington.



THE TABLE.

Of 3. Voyces.

See where my loue;
I follow loe the footing.
Poure forth mine eyes.

I Stay Nymph.
II *Dorus* a silly Shepheard.
III Is this thy doome?

III
V
VI

Of 4. Voyces.

A*Minas* with his.
Heere rest.
Why should I grieve.
The messenger of the.
Haue I found her?

VII What though her frownes?
VIII Loue is a secret feeding fire.
IX Why doe I fret?
X All in a caue.
XI

XII
XIII
XIII
XV

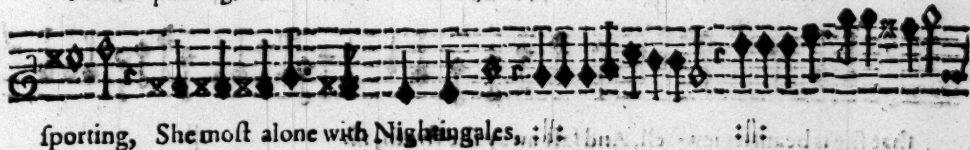
Of 5. Voyces.

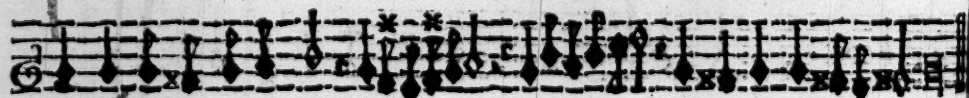
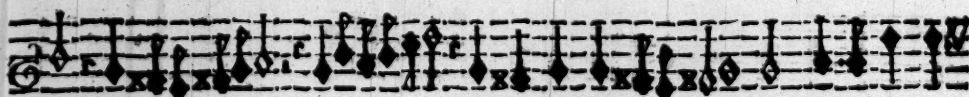
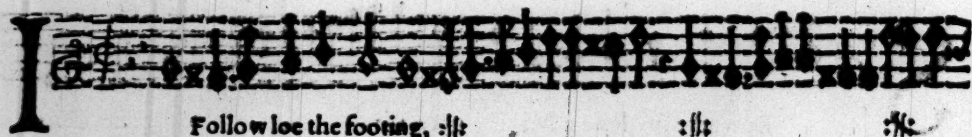
Sing, we dance.
Vnder the tops.
Sweet *Phyllida*.
My heart is dead.

XV No, no, no.
XVII When *Oriana*.
XVIII Now I see.
XIX

XX
XXI
XXII

F I N I S.





P

Oure forth mine eyes, :: :: ::

the fountaines of your teares, Breake hart, break hart & dye, Breake hart, break hart and

dye, :: for now no hope appeares, Hope vpon which, :: ::

vp- on which before my thoughts were fed, Hath left me quite forlorne, ::

:: and from me, from me fled, :: Yet

see she smiles, :: :: O see some hope apperes, O see some hope,

some hope ap- peares, Hold hart and liue, :: Mine eyes cease off your teares. Yet

see she smiles, :: :: O see some hope apperes, O see some hope,

some hope ap- peares, Hold hart and liue, :: Mine eyes cease off, our teares.

D *Orus* a fee- ly shepherds swaine, :||: whilst he his

flocke was keeping, :||: Vpon the vast Arcadian plaine, Ar- ca- dian

plaine found *A- moretta* sleeping, *Amoretta* sleeping, And fearing least she had beene

slaine, :||: :||: :||: his

eyes burst forth a weeping, :||: a weeping, :||:

Yet feeling her pure pulses beate, :||: :||:

not minding to molest her, :||: He

view'd her most admired, mired parts, :||: :||: :||:

and so most kindly, kindly kist her, :||: :||: :||:

S this thy doome, and shall thy shepherd dye? :||: Wound-
ed with Loue, :||: :||: :||: :||: stab'd with af-
fect'ons eye, :||: Say then sweet Saint, :||: :||:
what breast shall be thy Shrine? When thou hast slaine the hart, :||:
hast slaine the hart, :||: that erst was thine, Pitty, O pittie, :||:
pittie O pittie, O life for loue me giue, And sweetly say to me, :||:
:||: and sweetly say to me kinde shep- herd liue. Pittie, O pittie,
:||: pittie O pit-ty, O life for loue me giue, And sweetly say to me, :||:
:||: and sweetly say to me kinde shep- herd liue.
Heere endeth the three Parts,



Mintie with his *Phillis* faire, his *Phillis* faire, in height of



sum- mers Sunne, of summers Sunne, in, &c. :||:

Graz'd arme in arme,



:||: their snowie flocke and scorching heate to Gunne, :||:

Vnder a



spreading Elme fat downe, Where loues delightments done, :||:

:||:



Downe, d. d. d. d. d. dillie, downe, Thus did they sing, There is no life like



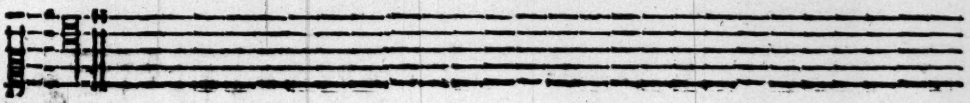
ours, no, &c. No heau'n on earth to shepherds Cels, No hell to Prince- ly



Bow'rs. Downe, d. d. d. d. d. dillie, downe, Thus did they sing, There is no life like



ours, no, &c. No heau'n on earth to shepherds Cels, No hell to Prince- ly



Bow'rs.

H

Here rest, here rest, here rest my thoughts, what meaneth all this hastning,



pangs and torments, :

everlast- ing? Here rest, here rest, here rest my



thoughts, what meaneth all this hastning, :



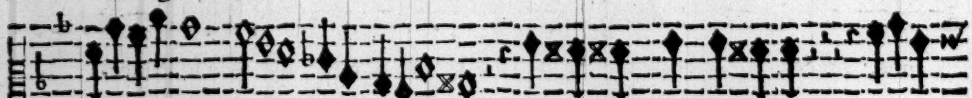
hastning, To fry in pangs and torments, :

ever-



last- ing? And yet her hart is even to me as cruell, is, &c

Her eye

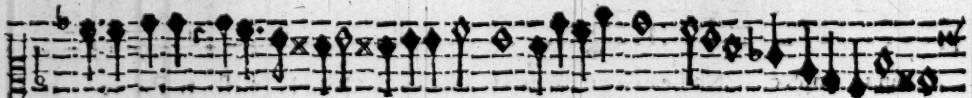


the flame, :

but my hart lends the fuell, :



And yet her hart is even to

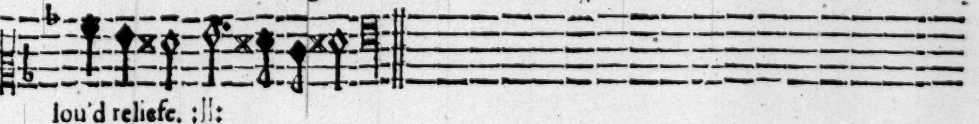
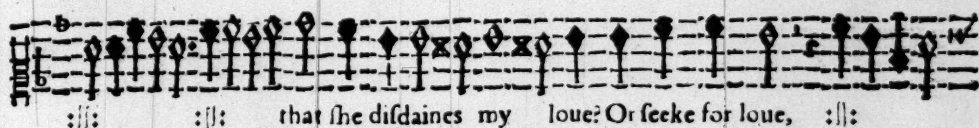
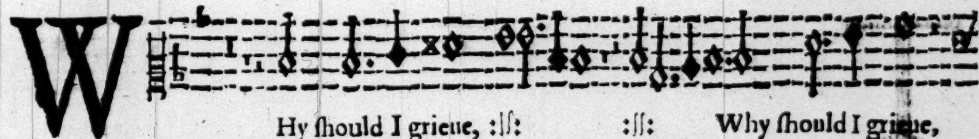


me as cruell, is, &c.

Her eye the flame, :



but my hart lends the fuell, :

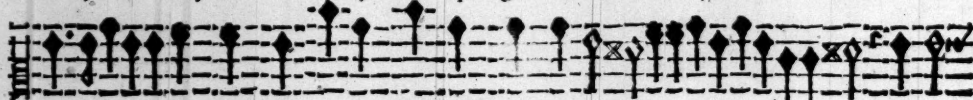




He messenger of the delightfull spring, the Cuckoe, proud bird mocking



man, On lofty Okes and eu'ry vnder spring, and &c. :||:



to chant out cuckow, cuckow scarce began, :||:

When as



Menalcas soote as swan, :||:

his winter cloake cast off, :||:

:||:



did nimble, nimble, nimble spring, :||:

:||:

did



nimble, nimble, nimble spring, And as the Cu koe, :||:

:||:

the



cuckoe cuck did sing, The shepherds downe a downe a downe. d &c.

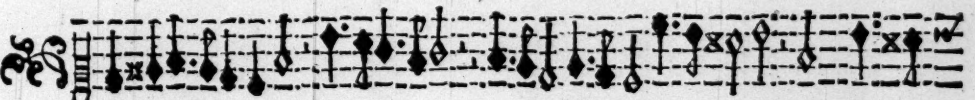
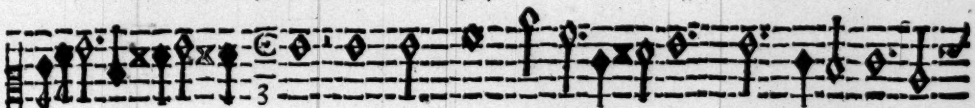


downe a d. d. a downe, downe a downe, d. The shepherds downe a downe was farra diddle



dan dan, was farra diddle dan, was farra diddle

dan, The shep-





Hat though her frownes, what though her frownes, and hard in-



treaties kill? What though her frownes, and hard intreaties kill? VVhat though her



frownes, and hard intreaties kill, I will not cease to loue, :::



:::

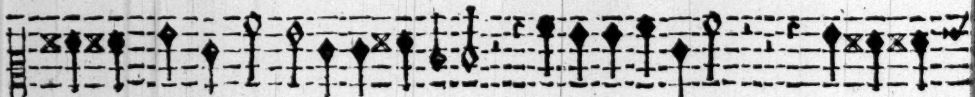
I will not cease to loue, affect her still, What though her



frownes, What though her frownes, and hard entreaties kill? What though her frownes,



and hard entreaties kill? What though her frownes, and hard intreaties kill? I



will not cease to loue, :::

:::

I will not



cease to loue, affect her still, Still will I loue her beautie, :::



:::

hate her scorne, Loue her for beautie, :::



at her beauties morne, :::

beauties morne, at her beauties morne



:::

:::

:::



Still will I loue her beantie, :::

:::

hate her

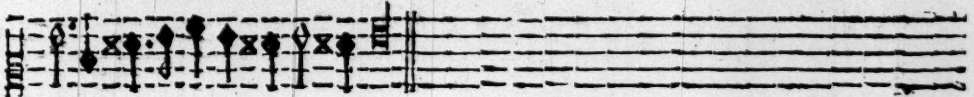


scorne, Loue her for beantie, loue her for beantie, at her beauties morne. :::

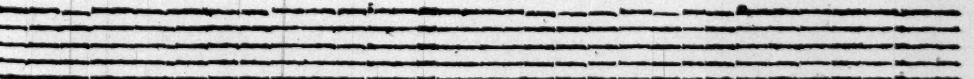


beauties morne, at her beauties morne, :::

:::



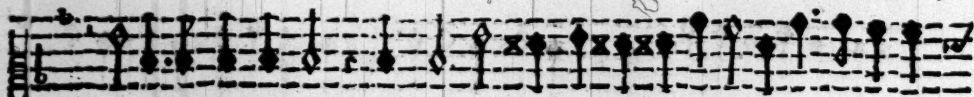
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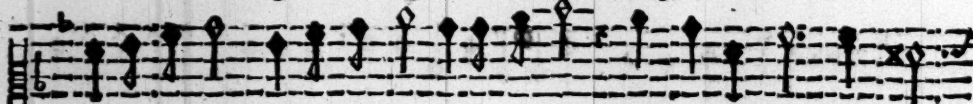
L



Oue is a secret feeding fire, Loue is a secret feeding fire,



a secret feeding fire, that giues all creatures being, :::

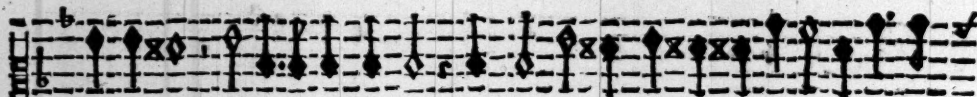


Life to the dead, Life to the dead, :::

speech to the dumbe, the dumbe,



and to the blinde man seeing, Loue is a secret feeding fire, Loue is a secret



feeding fire, a secret feeding fire, that giues all creatures being, :::



Life to the dead, life to the dead, :::

speech to the dumbe, the dumbe,



and to the blinde man seeing, And yet in me, he contradicts, :::



hee contradicts all these his sacred Graces, Seares vp my lips, my lips, mine



eyes, my life, and from me euer flying, and from me euer flying, leades me



in pathes, :::

leades me in pathes, :::

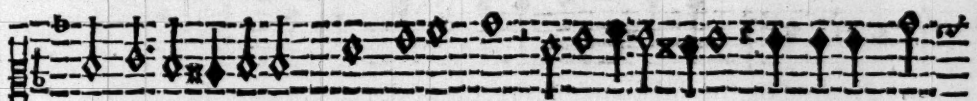
leades me in



pathes vntract, vngone, and many vncouth places, Where in dispaire I beauty



curse, Where in dispaire, Where in dispaire I beauty curse, Curse loue and



all faire fa-

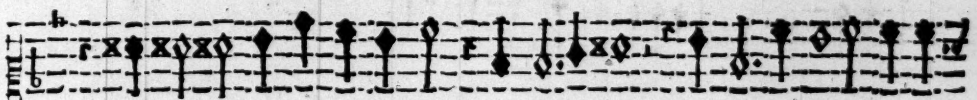
ces. Leades me in pathes, :::

leades me in pathes,



:::

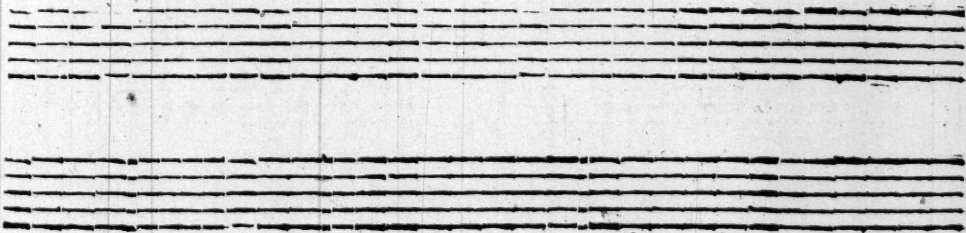
leades me in pathes vntract, vngone, and many vncouth places,



Where in dispaire I beautie curse, where in dispaire, Where in despaire I beauty



curse, Curse Loue and all faire fa- ces.



W

Hy doe I fret and grieve, :||: fret and grieve, since
 she denies, :||: :||: and will no comfort giue? Oh farall foule
 decree, she stops her eares, she stops her eares, and finiles at my complaint, whilst
 wounded with disdaine, with disdaine, disdaine, I seeke all meanes I can to set me free, And
 yet it will not be, :||: :||: it will not be, O bitter bitter paine
 bitter bitter paine, :||: :||: O
 bitter paine, Whilst wounded with disdaine, with disdaine, disdaine I seeke all
 meanes I can to set me free, And yet it will not be, :||: :||:
 :||: O bitter, bitter paine, bitter bitter paine, :||: :||:
 :||: O bitter paine.



L in a caue a shepheards lad met wanton The- *His* me, &c.



Where he vnskill'd in better sports, :||:

better sports, beg'd onely



for a kisse, beg'd, &c. :||:

a kisse, a kisse, A- las, a-



las, quoth she, and take thee this, and this, and, &c. :||:



:||: this and this, But know'ft thou not faire Boy in loue a more con-



tented sweet? a, &c. :||:

O no he said, oh no,

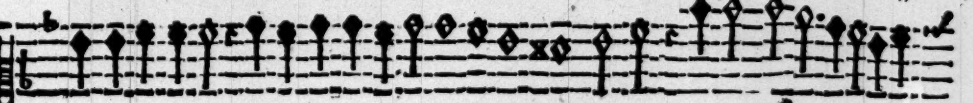


he said, :||:

for in a kisse our soules to- ge- ther meete. But

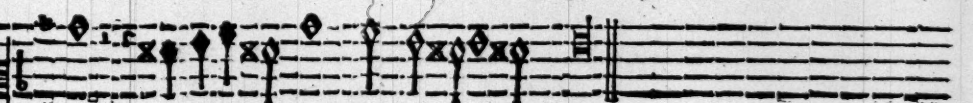


know'ft thou not faire Boy in loue, a more contented sweet? a, &c. :||:



:||:

O no he said, oh no, he said. :||:



for in a kisse our soules to- ge- ther meete.

Heere endeth the foure Parts,

D

S



Ing we, dance we on the greene, and fill these vallies, and fill these



vallies with our melodious straines, and fill these vallies, vallies, and fill these vallies



with our melodious straines, for ioy that our summers Queene, for, &c.



our summers Queene, en-uironed with all the country swaines, Fairely



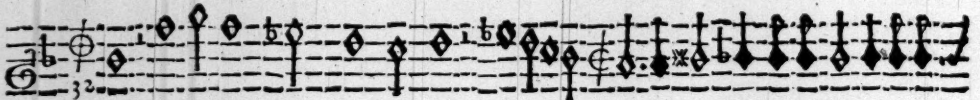
trips it ore the plaines, ::

::

let vs about,



these daffadillies sweet, about these daffadillies sweet, ::

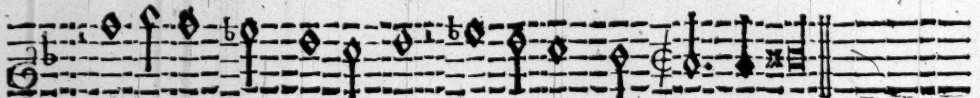


Tread a ring, dance with our feete, ::

Let vs about, ::



these daffadillies sweet, about these daffadillies sweet, ::



Tread a ring, dance with our feete. Tread a ring, dance with our feete.



Nder the tops of Heli- con, Vnder the tops of Heli-heli-



con, Not farre from Parnasse stately towers, not farre from Parnasse, not farre from



Parnasse stately towers, Springs forth the fountaine Hippocrene, ::



::

Hippocrene, With banks beset with fragrant



flowers, ::

The hill is it my Muses vse, my, &c.

The



hill is it my muses vse, ::

my muses vse, The fountaine



which my hart doth chuse, The hill is it my Muses vse, my, &c.

The



hill is it my Muses vse, ::

my muses vse, The fountaine



which my heart doth chuse.

S Weet *Phillida*, :||: :||: :||: :||: my flockes as white

and pure as snowie snowie downe, my flockes as white and pure, my flockes as white and

pure as snowie downe, fit mourning for thy sake, for thy sake, fit, &c. :||:

:||: Come when thou wilt I neuer meane to frowne, :||:

Thy loue I will pertake, :||: :||: :||: :||:

Come quickly, :||: :||: :||: come come, I sigh, :||: :||: for thee my

deereft sweet, Ile turne my flockes away, :||: And with them Ile not flay,

So thee and I most louingly, fo, &c. :||:

fo thee and I in loue ech other meete, :||: in loue each other meete.

M

Y hart is dead, my hart is dead within me,

my hart is dead within me, :||:

For that my loue forsakes me,

Yet why should I, yet why should I shed teares in vaine? :||:

shed teares in vaine, Yet, &c, :||:

shed, &c. :||:

She wil not once respect my paine, I therefore will ioy, sing and dance, :||:

:||:

ioy, sing and dance, In hope to cast a

better chance, in hope to cast a bet- ter better chance, I therefore will ioy, sing and

dance, :||:

:||:

ioy, sing and dance, In hope

to cast a better chance, In hope to cast a bet- ter better chance.

N



O no no no no no no no no no no no no, it will not be, no



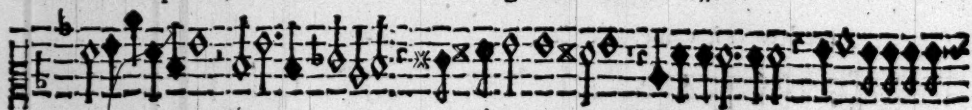
no no no no no it will not be, Your labour is in vaine, I stay you not, ::



but set you free, :: :: :: :: Why doe you



then complaine, And waile conceited wrongs, :: ::



as done to me, conceited, &c. No, &c.



no no no no no no, I tell you once againe, :: ::



:: :: :: :: you haue your trauell



for your paine for: no no, &c. it will not be, no, &c.



no no it will not be, it will not be. No no no no no no no, no no no no no it



will not be, no no no no it will not be, no no it will not be, it will not be.

W

Hen *O-ri-a-na* walkt to take theaire, :||:

:||:

the world did strive, :||:

to entertaine so faire, : :

By *Flora* faire, :||:

:||:

and sweetest flowers were

strone, by, &c.

sweetest flowers were strone, Along the way for her, for her

to tread vpon, :||:

to tread vpon, The trees did blosome, the siluer

riuers ran, :||:

The winde did gently play, did gently play vpon her

fan, And then for to delight her Graces eare, The Woods a Temple seem'd, the &c.

the Birds a Quire. Then sang the shepherds and Nin phs of *Dianna*,in heau'n lues *O-riana*, :||:

:||:

lues *O-ri-ana*, in, &c.

:||:

O-ri-ana



F I N I S.

TENOR.

THE
FIRST SET
OF
MADRIGALS
AND PASTORALS
of 3. 4. and 5. Parts.

NEWLY COMPOSED

by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Bachelor of Musicke and Lutenist, and one of the Cathedrall Church of Christ and blessed Mary the Virgin in Chester.

LONDON:

Printed for M. L. J. B. and T. S.
the Assignes of W. Barley.

1614.

TO THE RIGHT VVOR^{shipfull,}

Sir Thomas Smith of Hough, in the Countie of

Chester, Knight; Francis Pilkington Batchelor of

Musicke, and Lutinest, wisheth all happines in this

life, and eternall felicity in the life to come.



Ight Worshipfull, there is held an infallible opinion, that the sacred Art of *Musicke* (being chiefly illustrated by Voyces) notwithstanding all Artiits, in respect of the compasse and quality of voyces and instruments, doe limit it within scales and other certaine dimensions, is in it owne nature INFINITE; reaching from the base Earth (being as it were the GAM-VT or ground) to the highest E. L. A. of the incomprehensible heauens: For demonstration whereof, GOD to his great Glory,

doth diuersly and wonderfully enable his creatures thereunto, teaching man vpon earth, not onely in mellifluous Notes to chant; but also vpon variety of Instruments sweetly to expresse the hidden secrets of that sacred Science, & not leauing the vast Ayre empty of his glory; he instructeth the early Larke to warble forth his prayse; who, (as some hould) learneth his layes from the musicall motions of the heauenly Spheares, and from thence to transcend vp to the seate of the most highest, the elected Saints and Angels doe in heavenly Himmes, sing perpetually *Te deum* to the holy Trinitie, sitting on the Throne of most Maiesticke glorie.

In which quality of Musicke (Right worshipfull) hauing spent a great part of my time, I haue now (after some others) of late produced this small peece of worke; which albeit for the insufficiency thereof, I doe hold to be too vnworthie to be presented to your Worship, yet in regarde of the many and manifold fauors, which I haue receiued at your hands, and your exquisit skill, both in the Theorique and Practique of that excellent Art; I doe presume to tender it to your Patronage and protection, chusing rather to be censured for ouer-boldnesse, then to be taxed with ingratitude or forgetfulnesse. And so humbly desiring your Worship to accept of this, and to shield it from all pragmaticall and stigmaticall detractors; vntill my best skill and endeauour, shall incite my weake Muse to performe some worke of better worth I craue pardon for my bouldnesse, and commit your Worship and the good Lady your wife, to the blessed tuition of the GOD of Israell.

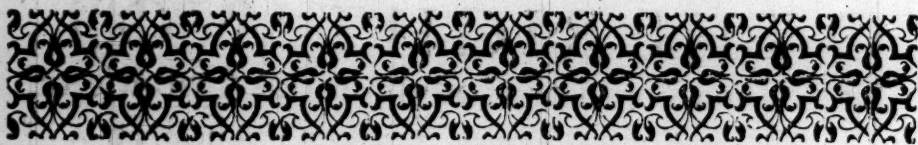
From my mansion in the Monastery of Chester

the day of

1612.

Your worships in all obseruancy

Francis Pilkington.



THE TABLE.

See where my loue:
I follow loe the footing.
Poure forth mine eyes.

Of 3. Voyces.

I Stay Nymph.
II *Dorus* a fully Shepheard.
III Is this thy doome?

III
V
VI

A *Mintas* with his.
Heere rest.
Why should I grieue.
The messenger of the.
Haue I found her?

Of 4. Voyces.

VII What though her frownes?
VIII Loue is a secret feeding fire.
IX Why doe I fret?
X All in a caue.
XI

XII
XIII
XIII
XV

Sing, we dance.
Vnder the tops.
Sweet *Phyllida*.
My heart is dead.

Of 5. Voyces.

XVI No, no, no.
XVII When *Oriana*.
XVIII Now I see.
XIX

XX
XXI
XXII

FINIS.

A



Mintas with his *Phillis* faire, in height of summers Sunne, :):



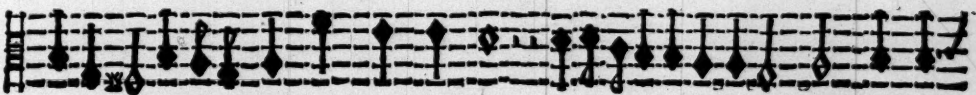
: 116

of summers Sunne, Graz'd arme in arme,



⋮

their snowie flocke and scorching heate to shunne, :::



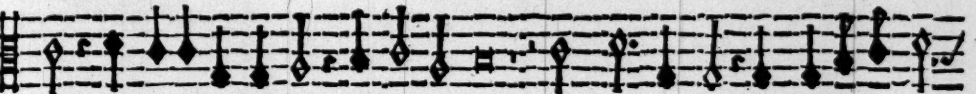
under a spreading Elm fate downe, :]]:

Where loves de-



lightments done, ://:

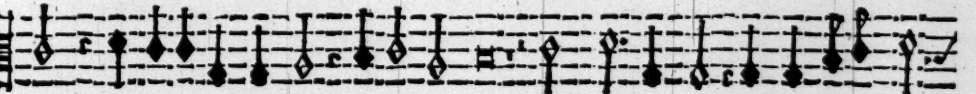
downe,downe,downe dillie downe,thus did they



ting, There is no life like ours, no life like ours, No heav'n on earth to Shepherds Cels.



No hell to Princ- ly Bowers, Downe,downe,downe dillic downe,thus did they



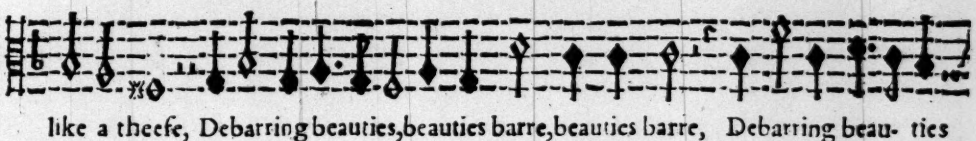
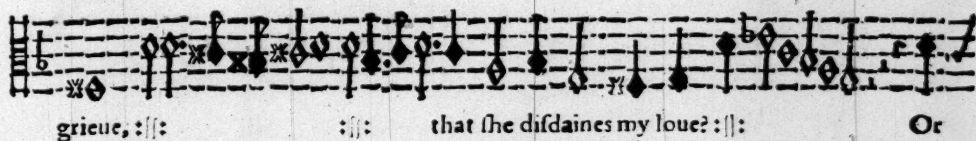
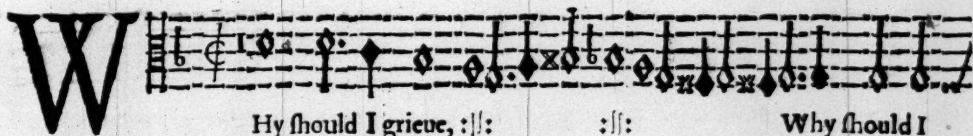
ing, There is no life like ours, no life like ours, No heau'n on earth to Shepherds Cels,



No hell to Prince-ly bowers.

H

Eere rest, here rest, here rest my thoughts, what meaneth all this hastling,
 To fry in pangs, and torments,
 and torments euerlast-ing? Here rest, here rest, here rest my thoughts,
 what meaneth all this hastling, To fry
 in pangs, and torments, and torments euerlast-ing? And yet her
 hart is euen to me as cruell, is, &c. Her eyes the flame,
 but my hart lends the fuell,
 And yet her hart is euen to me as cruell, is, &c.
 her eyes the flame, but my hart lends the fuell.
 but my hart lends the fuell.



x.

T He messenger of the delightfull spring, the Cuckoe, proud bird mocking

• • •

$$\therefore$$

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef. The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and various rests. There are also several accidentals, including flats and naturals, interspersed throughout the piece. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

When

his winter cloake, his winter cloake cast

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef. The notation includes several measures with notes of varying durations, some marked with 'r' for rests, and others with 'c' for common time. The notes are written in a stylized, handwritten manner, with some notes having stems and others being beamed together. The staff is a single line with a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

off, :n:

did nimbly, nimbly spring, :::

•••

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notation consists of diamond-shaped notes, some with stems, and a final measure with a double bar line and a 3/2 time signature.

cuckoe cuck did sing, cuckoe, cuckoe, cuck did sing,

A single line of musical notation on a five-line staff. The notation includes various note heads, some with stems, and some with decorative flourishes. The notes are arranged in a sequence across the staff.

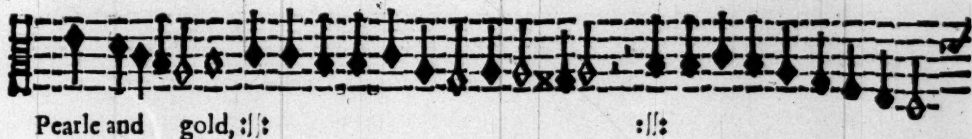
The shepherds downe downe a downe a d. downe d. a d. d. a d. d. downe a d.

● ● ●

• • •

was farra diddie

diddle dan, The shepherds downe d. a d. a d. d. d. a d. d. a d. d. d. a



W

Hat though her frownes, what though her frownes, and hard in-

treaties kill? What though her frownes, and hard intreaties kill? VVhat though her

frownes, What though her frownes, and hard intreaties kill? I will not cease to loue,

I will not cease to loue, cease to loue, affect her, affect her

Still, What though her frownes, What though her frownes, and hard entreaties kill?

What though her frownes, and hard entreaties kill? What though her frownes, What

though her frownes and hard intreaties kill? I will not cease to loue, :||:

I will not cease to loue, cease to loue, affect her, affect her still, Still will I loue her

beautie, :::

::||:

419

hate her.



scorne, Loue her for beautie, :||:

at her beauties morne, :||:



:||:

:||:

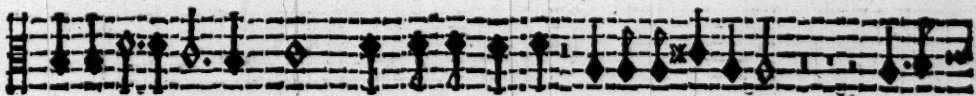
at her beauties morne, :||:



Still will I loue her beautie, :||:

:||:

:||:



hate her scorne, Loue her for beautie, :||:

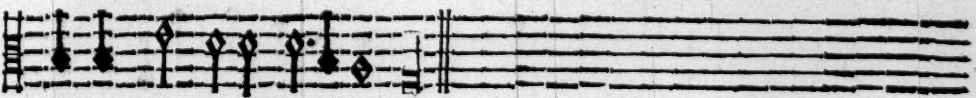
at her



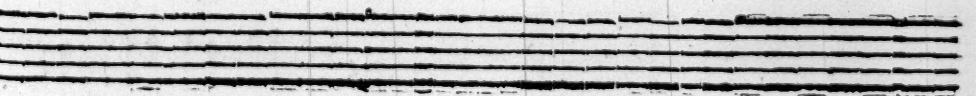
beauties morne, :||:

:||:

at her beauties morne, at her



beauties morne, at her beauties morne.



L

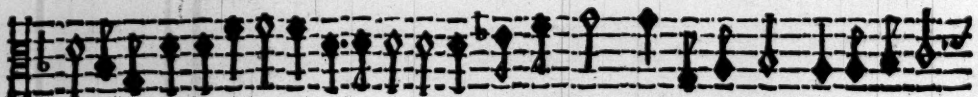


Oue is a secret feeding fire, a secret feeding fire, Loue is a



secret feeding fire, a secret feeding fire, ::

that giues all



creatures being, ::

Life to the dead, Life to the dead, ::



speech to the dumbe, and to the blinde man seeing, Loue is a secret feeding fire, a



secret feeding fire, Loue is a secret feeding fire, ::

::



that giues all creatures being, ::

Life to the dead, life to the dead,



::

speech to the dumbe, and to the blinde man seeing, And yet in me,



hee contradicts, contradicts, hee contradicts all these his sacred Graces, Seares vp



my lips, my eyes, my life, and from me euer flying, euer, &c. euer, &c.



leades me in pathes, :||:

:||:

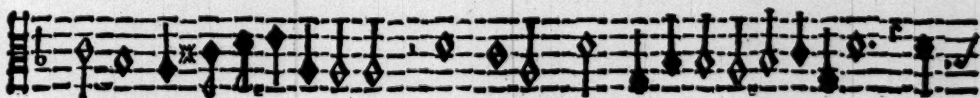
leades me in pathes, leades me in pathes,



leades me in paths vntract, vngon, vngone, and many vncouth places, Where in dispaire



I beauty curse, Where in dispaire, Where in dispaire I beauty curse, Curse loue



and all faire fa-

ces. Leades me in pathes, :||:

:||:

leades

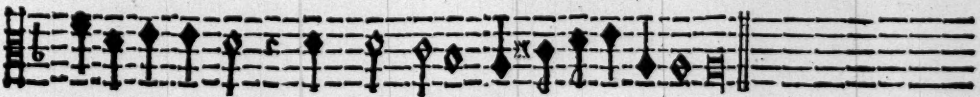


me in pathes, :||:

leades me in pathes vntract, vngone, vngone, and many

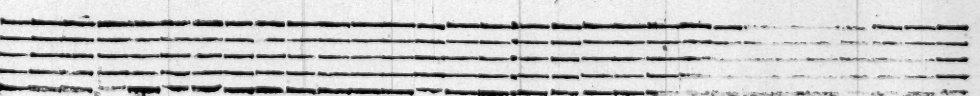


vncouth places, Where in dispaire I beautie curse, where in dispaire, Where in dis-



paire I beauty curse, Curse Loue and all faire fa-

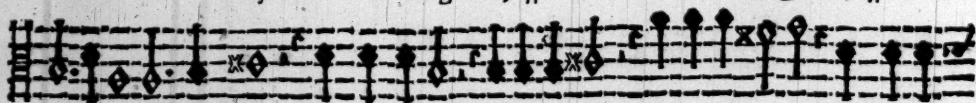
ces.





Hy doe I fret and grieve, :||:

I fret and grieve, :||:



fret and grieve, since she denies, :||:

:||:

and will no



comfort

giue? Oh fatall foule decree, she stops her eares, :||:

and smiles at



my complaint, and, &c.

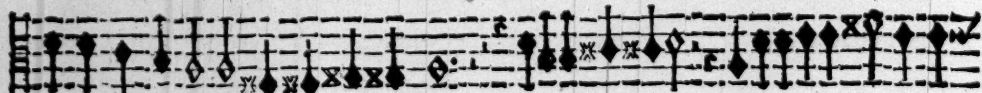
whilst wounded with disdain, I seeke all meanes I can to



set me free, to, &c. And yet it will not be, :||:

:||:

:||:



it will not be, O bit-ter bit-ter paine :||:

:||:

bitter



bitter paine, O bitter paine, :||:

Whilst wounded with disdain, I seeke all



meanes I can to set me free, to set me free, And yet it will not be, :||:



:||:

:||:

it will not be, O bitter, bit-ter paine,

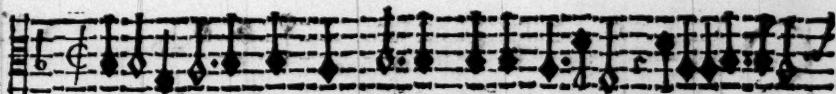


:||:

:||:

bitter bitter paine, O bitter paine. :||:

A



Ll in a caue a shepheards lad met wanton *Theſtilu*, met,&c.



Where he vnſkil'd in better ſports,beg'd onely for a kiſſe,beg'd,&c.



a kiſſe, a kiſſe, Alas, ala, quoth ſhe,and take thee



this,and this, and,&c.



this and this,But know'ſt thou not faire Boy in loue a more contented ſweet? a,&c.



O no he ſaid,he ſaid,



for in a kiſſe,in a kiſſe our ſoules toge- ther meete. But



know'ſt thou not faire Boy in loue, a more contented ſweet? a,&c.



O no he ſaid,he ſaid,



for in a kiſſe,in a kiſſe our ſoules toge- ther meete.

Heere endeth the foure Parts,

C

S



Ing we,dance we on the greene,and fill these vallies, and fill these vallies



with our melodious straines,and fill these vallies, :: :: with our me-



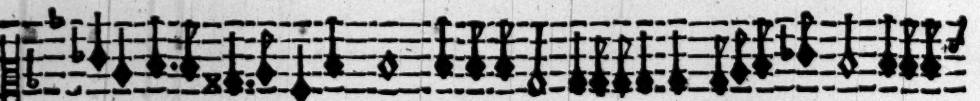
lodious straines,for ioy that our summers Queene,that,&c. for,&c.



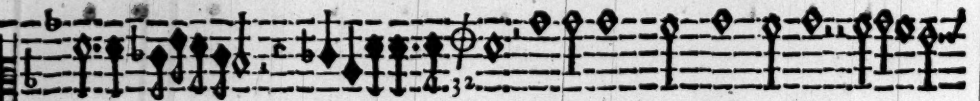
that,&c. for ioy that our summers,summer Queene en- ui-roned, enui-roned,



enui-roned with all the country swaines, Fairely trips it ore the plaines, ::



fairely trips it ore the plaines,let vs about, :: these daffadillies sweet, ::



these &c. T read a ring,dance with our feete, ::



Let vs about, :: these daffadillies sweet,Let vs about these daffadillies



sweet, these daffadillies sweet,T read a ring,dance with our feete. ::

V



Nder the tops, the tops of Helicon, :||:



of, &c.

Not farre from Parnasse stately towers, :||:



Springs forth the fountaine Hippocrene, :||:

fountaine



Hippocrene, Springs forth the fountaine Hippocrene, the, &c.

With banks



beset with fragrant flowers, :||:

The hill is it my Muses



vse, my muses vse, The hill is it my muses vse, :||:

:||:



The fountaine which my hart doth chuse, The hill is it my

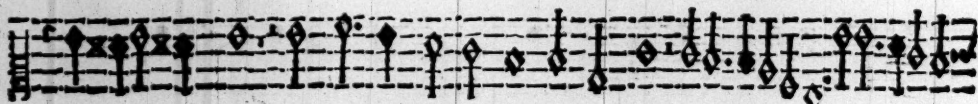


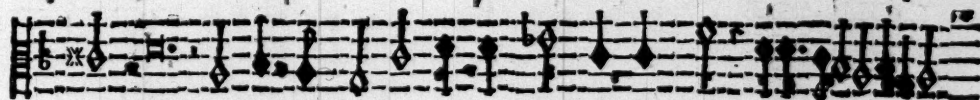
Muses vse, my muses vse, The hill is it my Muses vse, :||:



:||:

The fountaine which my heart doth chuse.





N

O no no no no no no no no no no no, it will not be, Your

labour is in vaine, I stay you not, :: :: :: but set you,

set you free, :: but set you free, Why doe you then complaine, & waile con-

ceited wrongs? conceited wrongs, :: :: conceited wrongs,

as done by me, :: No no no no no no no no no no, I

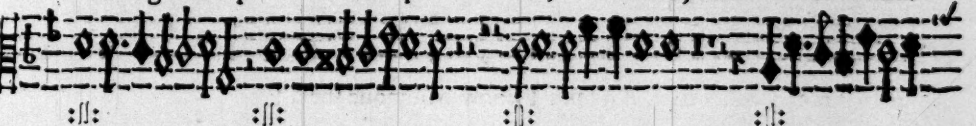
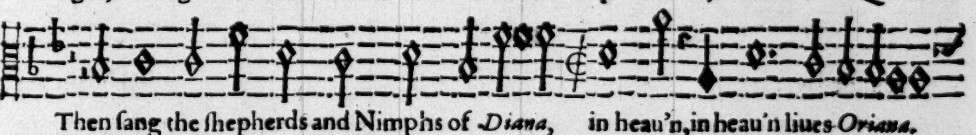
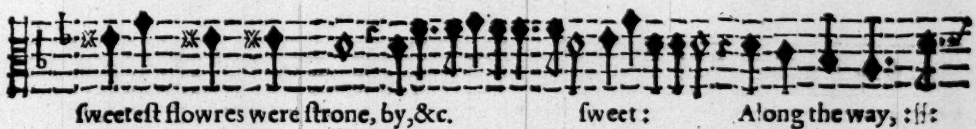
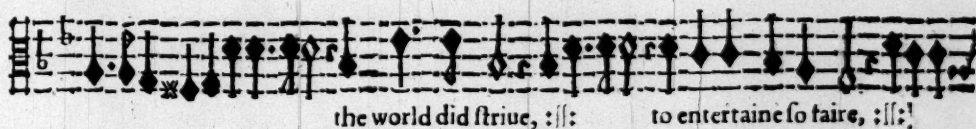
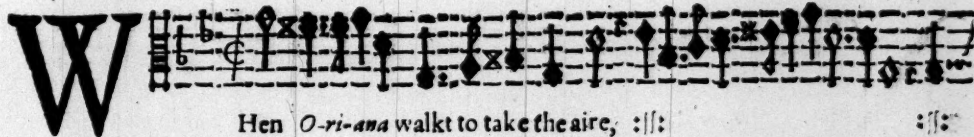
tell you once againe, :: :: :: ::

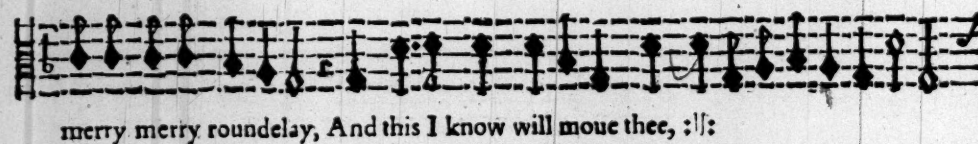
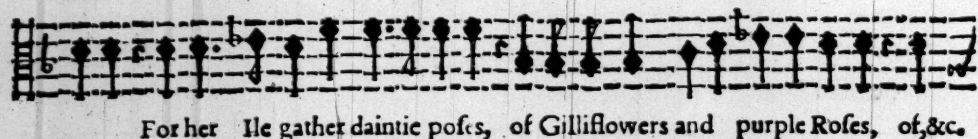
you haue your tra-uell for your paine, :: for your paine,

No no no no no no no no no no, it will not be, No no no no no it will not be, ::

:: No no no no no no no no no no it will not

be. No no no no no it will not be. ::





F I N I S.

QVINTVS.

THE
FIRST SET
OF
MADRIGALS
AND PASTORALS
of 3. 4 and 5. Parts.

NEWLY COMPOSED

by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Bachelor of Musicke and Lutenist, and one of the Cathedrall Church of Chert and blessed Mary the Virgin in Chert.

LONDON:

Printed for M. L. J. B. and T. S.
the Assignes of W. Barley.

1613.

TO THE RIGHT WOR^{shipfull}

Sir Thomas Smith of Hough, in the Countie of
Chester, Knight; Francis Pilkington Batchelor of
Musicke, and Lutenist, wisheth all happines in this
life, and eternall felicity in the life to come.



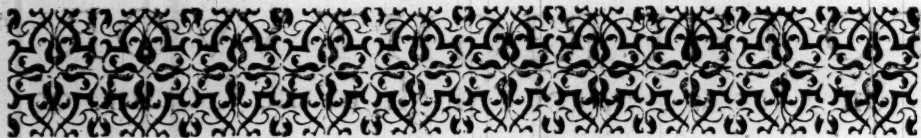
Right Worshipfull, there is held an infallible opinion, that the sacred Art of *Musicke* (being chiefly illustrated by Voyces) notwithstanding all Artits, in respect of the compasse and quality of voyces and instruments, doe limit it within scales and other certaine dimensions, is in it owne nature INFINITE; reaching from the base Earth (being as it were the GAM-VT or ground) to the highest E. L. A. of the incomprehensible heauens: For demonstration whereof, GOD to his great Glory, doth diuerfly and wonderfully enable his creatures thereunto, teaching man vpon earth, not onely in mellifluous Notes to chant; but also vpon variety of Instruments sweetly to expresse the hidden secrets of that sacred Science, & not leauing the vast Ayre empty of his glory; he instructeth the early Larke to warble forth his prayse; who, (as some hould) learneth his layes from the muscalle motions of the heauenly Spheares, and from thence to transcend vp to the seate of the most highest, the elected Saints and Angels doe in heauenly Himmes, sing perpetually *Te deum* to the holy Trinitie, sitting on the Throne of most Maiesticke glorie.

In which quality of Musicke (Right worshipfull) hauing spent a great part of my time, I haue now (after some others) of late produced this small peece of worke; which albeit for the insufficiency thereof, I doe hold to be too vnworthie to be presented to your Worship, yet in regarde of the many and manifold fauors, which I haue receiued at your hands, and your exquisit skill, both in the Theorique and Practique of that excellent Art; I doe presume to tender it to your Patronage and protection, chusing rather to be censured for ouer-boldnesse, then to be taxed with ingratitude or forgetfulnesse. And so humbly desiring your Worship to accept of this, and to shield it from all pragmaticall and stigmaticall detractors; vntill my best skill and endeauour, shall incite my weake Muse to performe some worke of better worth, I craue pardon for my bouldnesse, and commit your Worship and the good Lady your wife, to the blessed tuition of the GOD of Israel.

*From my mansion in the Monastery of Chester
the 25. day of September 1612.*

Your worships in all obseruancy

Francis Pilkington.



THE TABLE.

See where my loue.
I follow loe the footing.
Poure forth mine eyes.

A *Mintas* with his.
Heere rest.
Why should I griene.
The messenger of the.
Haue I found her?

Sing, we dance.
Vnder the tops.
Sweet *Phyllida*.
My heart is dead.

Of 3. Voyces.

I	Stay Nymph.	IIII
II	<i>Dorus</i> a silly Shepheard.	V
III	Is this thy doome?	VI

Of 4. Voyces.

VII	What though her frownes?	XII
VIII	Loue is a secret feeding fire.	XIII
IX	Why doe I tret?	XIIII
X	All in a caue.	XV
XI		

Of 5. Voyces.

XV	No, no, no.	XX
XVII	When <i>Oriana</i> .	XXI
XVIII	Now I see.	XXII
XIX		

FINIS.



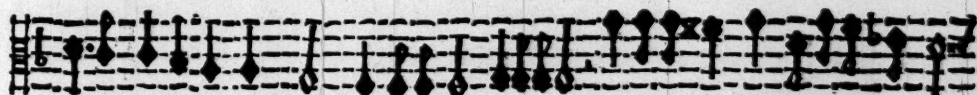
forioy that our summers Queene,that,&c. for,&c.



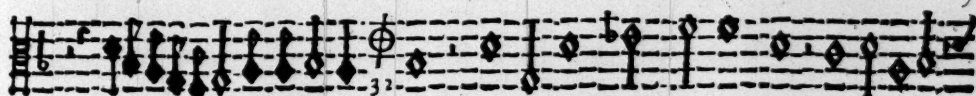
:||: en- uironed, enuironed, with all the country swaines, the



country swaines, Fairely trips it ore the plaines, :||: :||:



fairely trips it ore the plaines, let vs about, :||: let vs about these daffadillies sweet, /



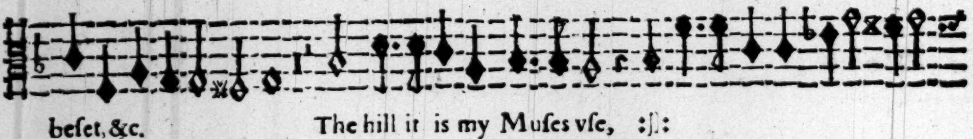
:||: daffadillies sweet, Tread a ring,dance with our feete, :||:

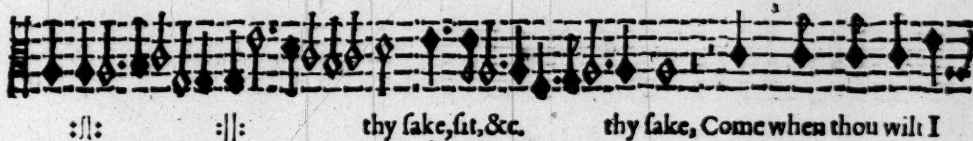
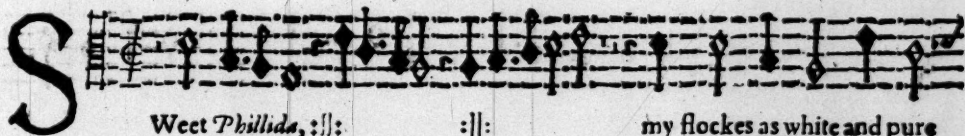


Let vs about, :||: let vs about these daffadillies sweet, these,&c.



daffadillies sweet, Tread a ring,dance with our feete. :||:





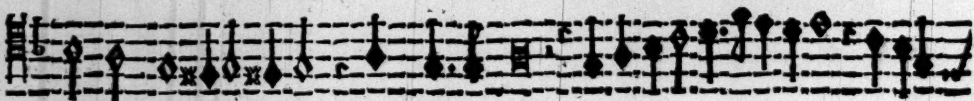
M



Y hart is dead, my hart is dead within me, within me, my hart is dead



within me, is dead within me. For that my loue forsakes me, forsakes me, Yet why should



I shed teares in vaine ? shed teares in vaine, :::



Yet why should I shed teares in vaine ? :::

She will not

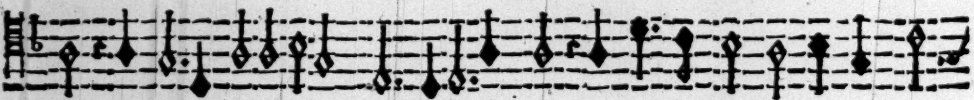


once respect my paine. I therefore will ioy, sing and dance, :::

sing and



dance, I therefore will, I therefore will ioy, sing and dance, sing and dance, ioy, sing and



dance, In hope to cast a better chance, a better chance. I therefore will ioy, sing and dance,



:::

sing and dance, I therefore will, I therefore will ioy, sing and



dance, sing and dance, ioy, sing and dance, In hope to cast a better chance, a better chance.

N

O no no no no it will not be, no no no no no no no no, it will not

be, Your labour is in vaine, I stay you not, :||: :||: :||: but set you free,

set you free, :||: :||: :||: Why doe you then complaine, And

waile conceited wrongs? :||: conceited wrongs, and waile conceited wrongs?

:||: :||: as done to me, Ne no no no no no no no no no, :||:

I tell you once againe, :||: :||: :||:

:||: you haue your trauell for your paine, :||: for your

paine, No no no no no no no no no no it will not be, no it will not be, :||:

no no no, it will not be, not be. No no no no no no no no no, it will not be,

no it will not be, no no it will not be, no no no, it will not be, not be.





FINIS.

27
BASSVS.

THE
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OF
MADRIGALS
AND PASTORALS
of 3. 4. and 5. Parts.

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by FRANCIS PILKINGTON, Bachelor of Musicke and Lutenist, and one of the Cathedrall Church of Christ and blessed Mary the Virgin in Chester.

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with ingratitude or forgetfulnesse. And so humbly desiring your Worship to ac-
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till my best skill and endeaour, shall incite my weake Muse to performe some
worke of better worth I craue pardon for my bouldnesse, and commit your Wor-
ship and the good Lady your wife, to the blessed tuition of the GOD of Israell.

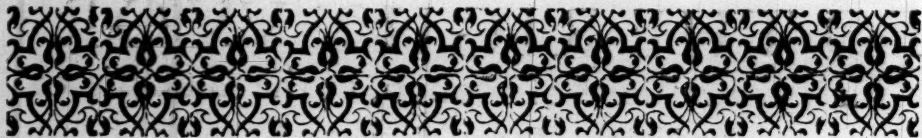
From my mansion in the Monastery of Chester

the day of

1612.

Your worships in all obseruancy

Francis Pilkington.



THE TABLE.

Of 3. Voyces.

See where my loue.
I follow loe thy footing.
Poure forth mine eyes.

I Stay Nimph.
II *Dorus* a silly Shepheard.
III Is this thy doome?

IIII
V
VI

Of 4. Voyces.

A *Mintus* with his.
Heere rest.
Why should I grieue.
The messenger of the.
Haue I found her?

VII What though her frownes?
VIII Loue is a secret feeding fire.
IX Why doe I fret?
X All in a caue.
XI

XII
XIII
XIIII
XV

Of 5. Voyces.

Sing, we dance.
Vnder the tops.
Sweet *Phyllida*.
My heart is dead.

XVI No, no, no.
XVII When *Oriana*.
XVIII Now I see.
XIX

XX
XXI
XXII

FINIS.

Of 3. Voc.

I.

BASSVS.

S



Ee where my loue a May- ing goes, with sweet Dame *Flora* sport-



ing, :||:

:||:

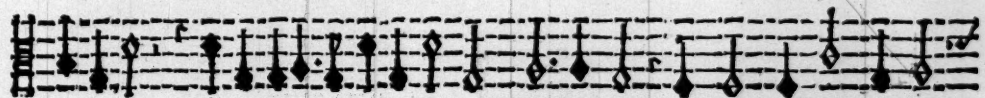
:||:

sporting,



She most alone with Nightingales, :||:

:||:



:||:

with Nightingales, in woods delights confort-



ing, :||:

:||:

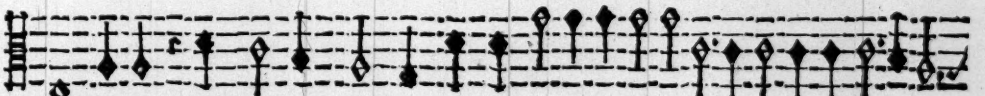
:||:

:||:



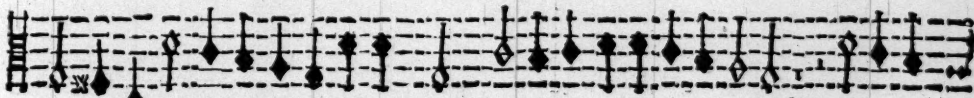
Turne a- gaine, :||:

Turne a- gaine



my dearest, The pleasanst ayre's in meadows, :||:

:||:



Els by the riuers let vs breathe, :||:

:||:



and kisse, and kisse, :||: and kisse amongst the willowes.

B



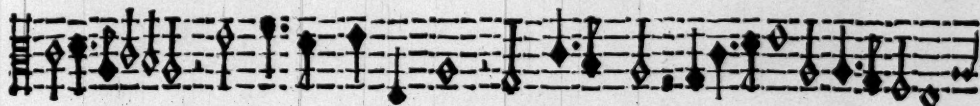
P



Oure forth mine eyes, :||: the



fountaines of your teares, Breake hart, break hart and dye, Breake hart, break hart and dye,



:||: for now no hope appeares, Hope vpon which, :||: :



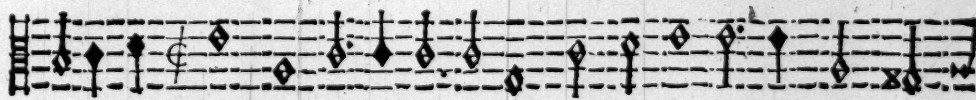
vpon which before my thoughts were fed, Hath left me quite forlorne, :||:



left me quite forlorne, and from me, from me fled, and from me fled, :||: Yet



see the smiles, :||: O see some hope apperes, O see some hope



ap- peares, Hold hart and liue, and liue, Mine eyes cease off your teares. Yet



see the smiles, :||: O see some hope apperes, O see some hope,

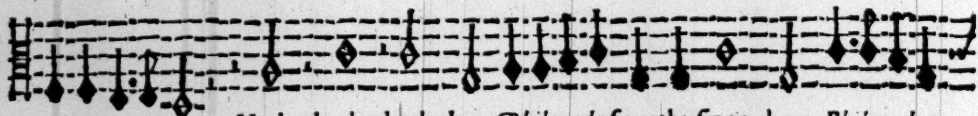
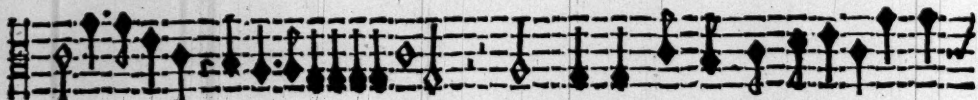


some hope ap- peares, Hold hart and liue, and liue, Mine eyes cease off your teares.

S



Tay Nymph, O stay, the ground seekes but to kisse thy feet, :||:

Harke, harke, harke how *Philomela* sweetly sings, how *Philomela*,

:||:

:||:

Whilst, Whilst wanton, wanton wanton fishes as they



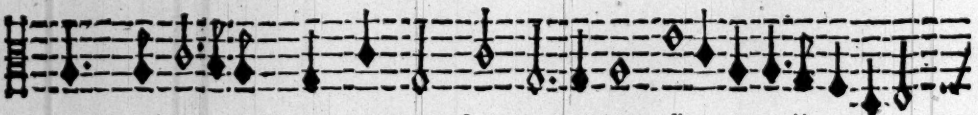
meete, Whilst wanton, wanton fishes as they meete, :||:



strike crochet, crochet time, :||:

:||:

amidst these christall

springs, And *Zephyrus* amongst the leaues sweet murmurings, :||:

:||:



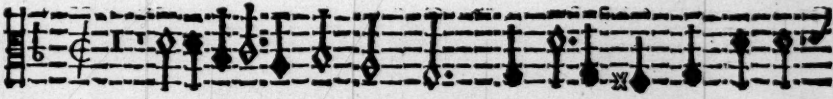
:||:

sweet murmur murmurings, Stay but a while, :||:

Phæbe no telltale,*Phæbe* no telltale is,She her *Endimion*, Ile my *Phæbe* kisse, :||:

Ile my

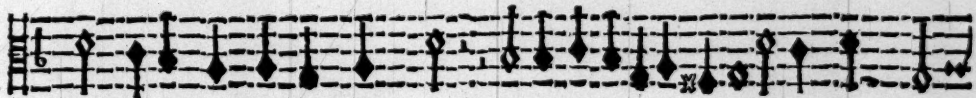
*Phæbe* kisse.

D  *Orus* a feely shepherds swaine, whilst he his flock was keeping,

 *Amoretta* sleeping,

:||:

Vpon the vast Arcadian plaine found,



And fearing least she had beene slaine, :||:

had beene slaine,



and, &c.

she had beene slaine, his eyes burst forth a weeping,



:||:

:||:

Yet feeling her pure



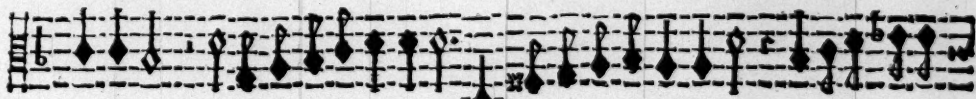
pulses beate, :||:

her pure pulses beate, not minding



to molest her, :||:

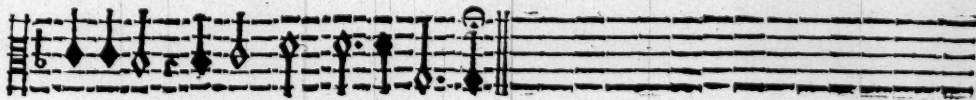
He view'd her most admired parts, :||:



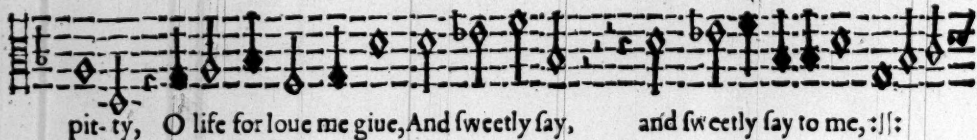
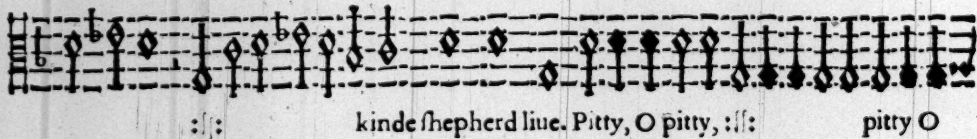
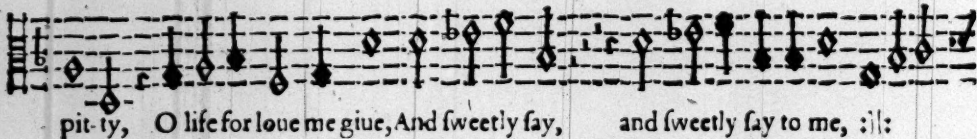
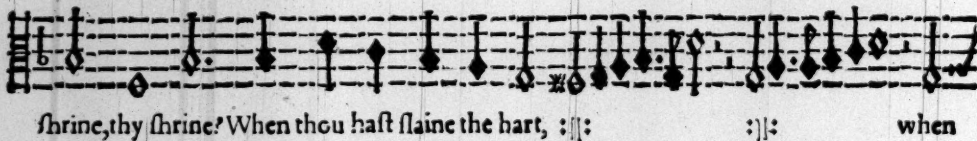
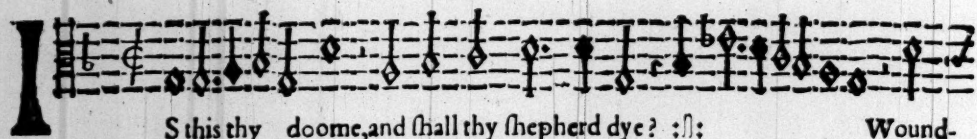
:||:

:||:

:||:



and so most kindly kist her.



Heere endeth the three Parts,

Of 4. Voc.

VII.

ASSVS.

A



Montes with his *Phyllis* faire, :||:

in height of



summers Sunne, :||:

:||:

Graz'd arme in arme, :||: their



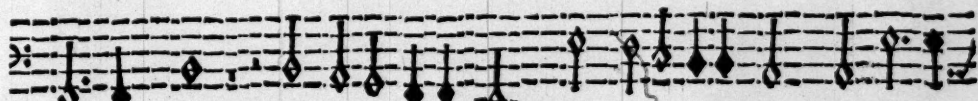
snowie flocke and scor. hing heate to shunne, to shunne, Vnder a spreading Elme sat



downe, :||:

Where loues delightments done, :||:

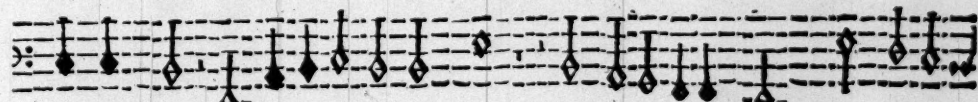
de-



lightments done, Downe, d. d. dillie, downe, d. d. dillie downe, Thus did they



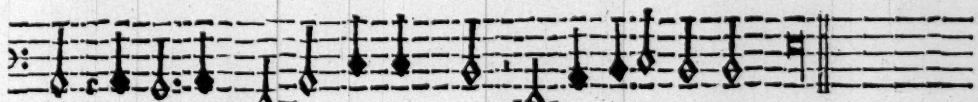
sing, There is no life like ours, no, &c. No heau'n on earth to shepherds Cels, to



shepherds Cel, No hell to Princely Bow'rs, Downe, d. d. dillie, downe, downe, d. d.



dillie downe, Thus did they sing, There is no life like ours, no, &c. No heau'n on



earth to shepherds Cels, to shepherds Cels, No hell to Princely Bow'rs.

H

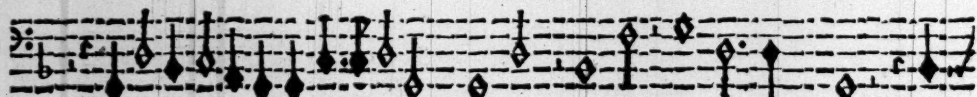
Eere rest, here rest, here rest my thoughts, what meaneth all this hastling,



:::

:::

all this hastling, To fry in pangs and torments,



:::

eueralasting? Here rest, here rest, here rest my thoughts, what



meaneth all this hastling, :::

:::

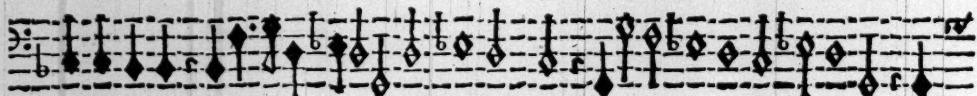
:::

all this hastling, To



fry in pangs and torments, :::

eueralasting? And yet her hart is euen to



me as cruell, is, &c.

Her eyes the flame, :::

:::

but

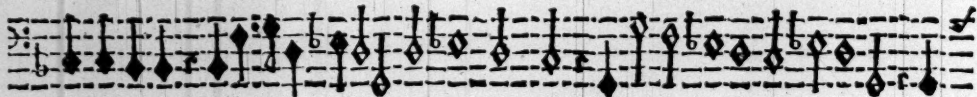


my hart lends the fuell, :::

:::

:::

And yet her hart is euen to



me as cruell, is, &c.

Her eye the flame, :::

:::

but



my hart lends the fuell, :::

:::

but my hart lends the fuell.

W



Hy should I grieve? :||:

:||:

Why should I grieve?



:||:

:||:

:||:

that she disdaines my loue, Or seeke for loue,



:||:

Or seeke for loue, :||:

:||:

since lou's a grieve? lou's a grieve, since



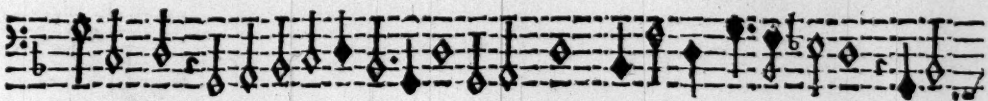
lou's a grieve? A noble minde, :||:

a noble minde, :||:



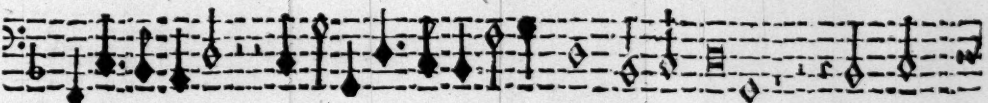
a noble minde his tortures ill behoue, his, &c.

He spoiles, thrals, murders



like a theefe, :||:

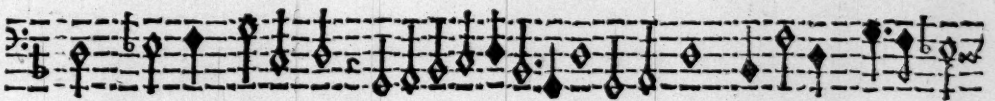
like a theefe, Debarring beauties barre, :||:



:||:

all lou'd, all lou'd relieve.

He spoiles,



thrals, murders like a theefe, :||:

like a theefe, Debarring beauties



barre, :||:

:||:

all lou'd, all lou'd relieve.

T He mef: The Cuckoe proud bird-mocking man, On lofly Okes and

eu'ry vnder spring, to chant out cuckow, cuckow scarce began, :||:

When as *Menalcas* foote as swanne, his winter cloake cast off, his win-

ter cloake, his winter cloake cast off, :||: did nimble, nimble spring,

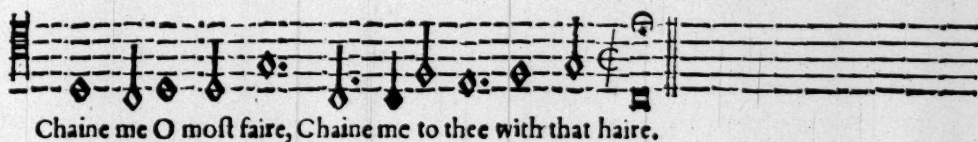
:||: nimble spring, And as the Cuckoe, :||: :||:

cuck did sing, The shepherds downe, downe a downe a downe, :||: :||:

The shepherds downe a downe a downe was farra diddle dan, farra diddle dan,

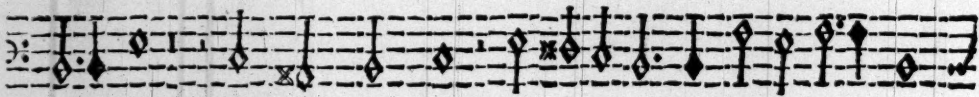
:||: The shepherds down, downe a downe a down, :||: :||:

she, &c. was farra diddle dan, farra diddle dan, :||:



W

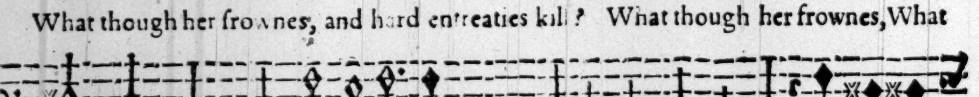

 Hat though her frownes, what though her frownes, and hard in-

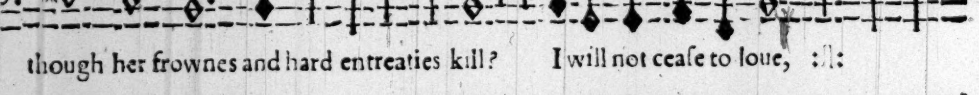

 treaties kill? What though her frownes, :: and hard intreaties kill?


 I will not cease to loue, ::

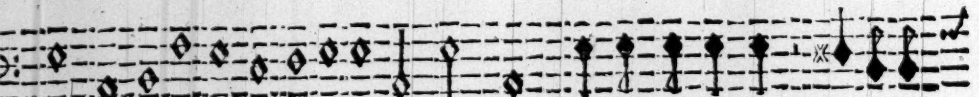

 I will not cease to loue,

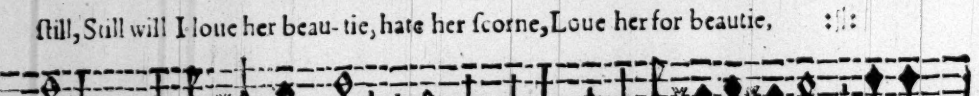

 ::


 affect her, affect her still, What though her frownes


 What though her frownes, and hard entreaties kill? What though her frownes, What


 though her frownes and hard entreaties kill? I will not cease to loue, ::


 I will not cease to loue, ::

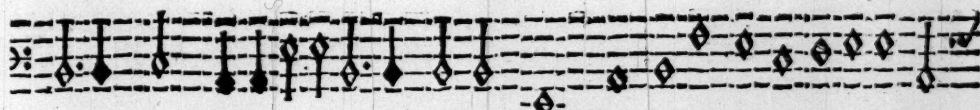

 affect her, affect her


 still, Still will I loue her beau-tie, hate her scorne, Loue her for beautie, ::


 at her beauties morne, ::


 ::

 at her



beauties morne, :||: her beauties morne. Still will I loue her beau-tie, hate



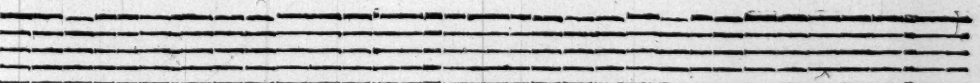
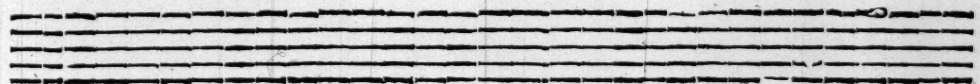
her scorne, Loue her for beautie, loue her for beautie, at her beauties morne.



:||: :||: at her beauties morne, at her beauties



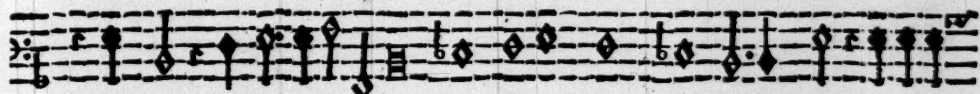
morne, her beauties morne.



L Oue is a sec et feeding fire, Loue is a secret feeding fire,
 that giues all creatures being, :||: Life to the dead, Life to the
 dead, :||: speech to the dumbe, and to the blinde man seeing, Loue is a secret
 feeding fire, Loue is a secret feeding fire, that giues all creatures being, :||:
 Life to the dead, life to the dead, :||: speech to the dumbe, and
 to the blinde man seeing And yet in me, in me he contradicts, he, &c.
 all these his sacred Graces, Seares vp my lips, my lips, myne eyes, my life, and
 from me euer flying, and from me euer flying, leades me in pathes, leades me in
 pathes, :||: leades me in pathes, :||: vntract, vngone, and many



vncouth places, Where in dispaire I beauty curfe, where in dispaire I beautie curfe,



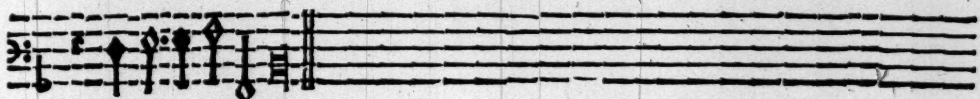
Curfe loue and all faire faces. Leades me in pathes, leades me in pathes, :||:



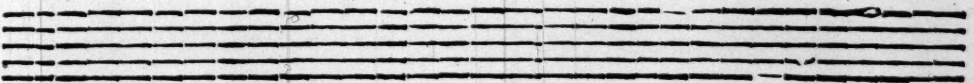
:||: leades me in pathes vntract, vngone, and many vncouth p'aces,



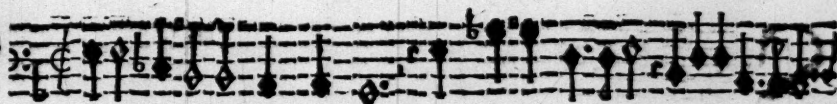
Where in dispaire I beauty curfe, where in dispaire I beauty curfe, Curfe Loue



and all faire faces.



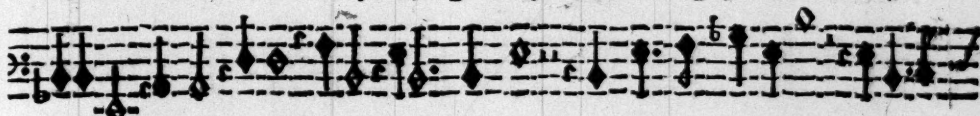

 Hy doe I fret and grieue, :||: fret and grieue,
 since she denies, :||: since she denies, :||: and will no comfort giue?
 Oh fatall foule decree, she stops her eares, she stops her eares, and smiles at my com-
 plaint, whilst wounded with disdaine, with disdaine, I seeke all meanes I can to set me free,
 And yet it will not be, :||: and yet it will not be, :||:
 O bitter, bitter paine, :||: O bitter, bitter paine, O bitter
 paine. Whilst wounded with disdaine, with disdaine, I seeke all meanes I can to set me
 free, And yet it will not be, :||: and yet it will not be, :||:
 O bitter, bitter paine, :||: :||: O bitter paine.

A

Ll in a caue a shepheards lad met wanton *Theſtille*, met, &c.



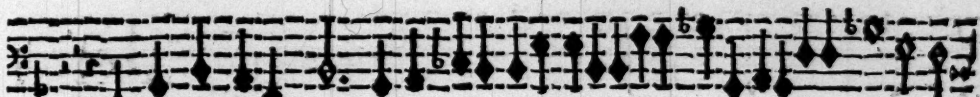
Where he vnſkil'd in better ſports, beg'd onely for a kiſſe, beg'd, &c. :||:



a kiſſe, a kiſſe, Alas, alas, quoth ſhe, and take thee this, & this, and, &c.

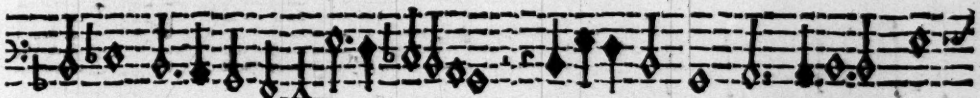


But know'ſt thou not faire Boy in loue



a more contented ſweet? a, &c. :||: :||:

Oh no



he ſaid, :||: :||:

for in a kiſſe our ſoules together meete.



But know'ſt thou not faire Boy in loue, a more contented ſweet? :||:



:||: :||:

Oh no he ſaid, :||: :||:

:||:



for in a kiſſe our ſoules together meete.

Heere endeth the foure Parts.

S



Ing we, dance we ore the greene, and fill these vallies, and, &c.



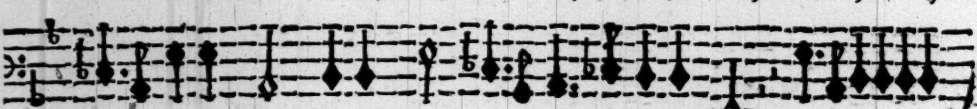
with our melodious straines, and fill these vallies, fill, &c. with our melodious straines,



for ioy that our Summers Queene, for, &c. that, &c. ioy, &c.



en-ui-ro ned, with all the country swaines, countrey swaines, Fairely



trips it ore the plaines, ore the plaines, fairely trips it ore the plaines, fairely, &c.

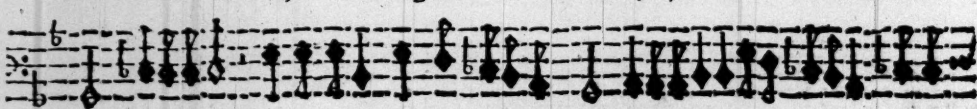


let vs about, :: these Daf-fadillies sweet, let, ::



Daffadillies sweet, Tread a ring dance with our feete, ::

Let vs a-



bout, ::

::

these daf- fadillies sweet, ::

daffa-



dillies sweet, Tread a ring dance with our feete, Tread a ring dance with our feete.

Of 5. Voc.

XVII.

BASSVS.

V

Under the tops of Helicon, :||: of

Helicon, Not farre from Parnasse stately towers, not, &c. stately

towers, Springs forth the fountaine Hippocrene, fountaine Hippocrene, springs

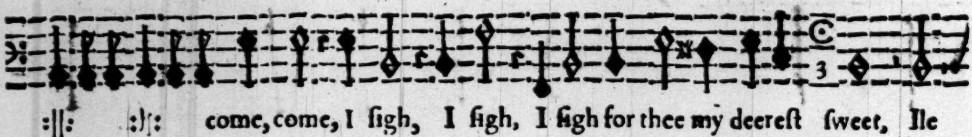
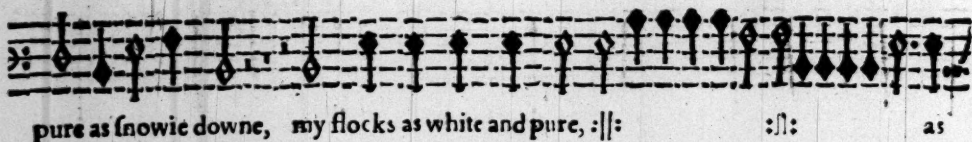
forth the fountaine Hippocrene, :||: With bankes beset with

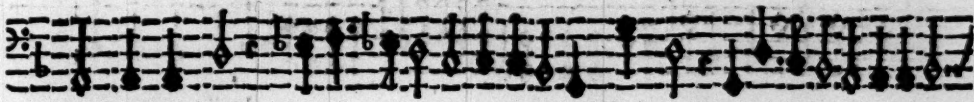
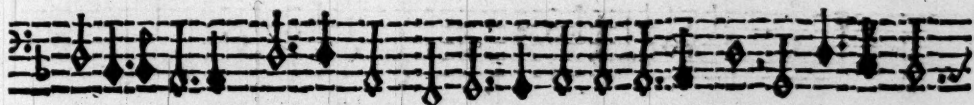
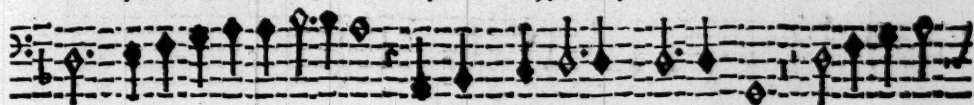
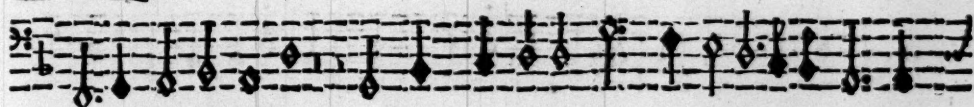
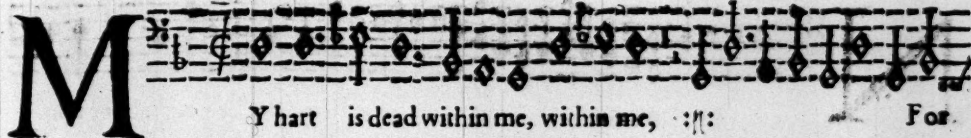
fragrant flowers, :||: The hill is it my Muses, Muses vse,

my muses vse, The fountaine which my hart doth chuse.

The hill is it my Muses, Muses vse, :||: my Muses

vse. The fountaine which my heart doth chuse.





N



O no,&c.

it will not be, your labour is in

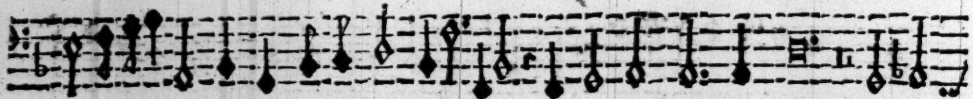


vaine, I stay you not, :::

:||:

but set you free, :::

set you free, but, &c.



set you free, set you, set you free, but, &c. Why doe you then comp'laine, And waile



conceited wrongs, :::

conceited wrongs, and waile, and waile conceited wrongs,



as done to me? :::

No no, &c.

I tell you once againe,



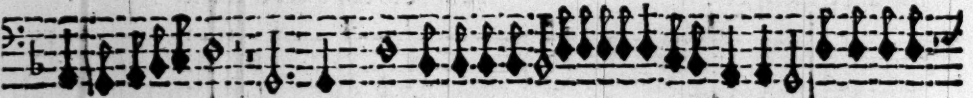
:::

:||:

:||:

:||:

you haue your tra-



well for your paine, for your paine, No no, &c.

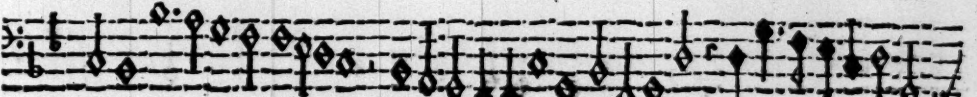
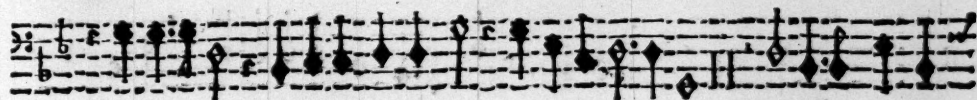
it will not be, no no no no



no, it will not be, no no no it will not be, no no it will not be, No no, &c.



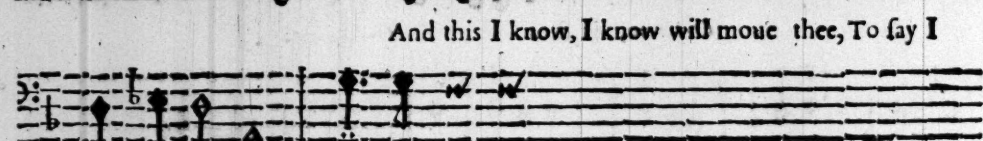
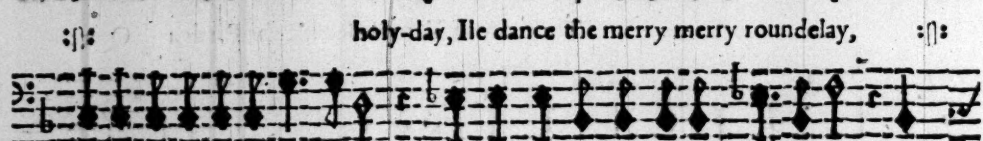
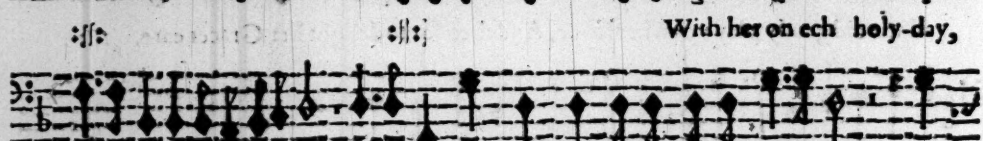
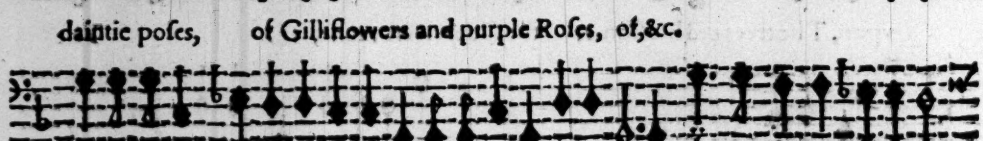
no it will not be, no no no no no it will not be, no no no it will not be, no no it will not be.



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